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The Saturday Review

of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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More, or Better

MATTHEW ARNOLD had the sense for a ringing phrase which our headlines have carried into hysteria, and he used it, sometimes unblushingly, to drive home his arguments. The dignity of one generation becomes the vulgarity of the next. His "sweetness and light" has been dulled by repetition, but in the famous essay on Thomas Gray there is a sentence that still has electricity in it. "He never spoke out:" with this quotation Arnold whips out his thesis. James Brown, Master of Pembroke, who said of his dead friend that he never spoke out, meant, as is clear from the context, that Gray never spoke of his approaching end, but Arnold was a good journalist like all good essayists, and poured his own meaning into the words. Gray was repressed: He never spoke all his heart, either as poet or man.

Well, who does speak out? There was Trollope, a cigar in his mouth, writing the tales* of Barchester with such garrulous delight in character that he has outlasted a dozen fashions in fiction. Does he speak out? No, for he is too pleasantly excited over the idiosyncrasies of his cathedral town to refine his English to the last expressiveness. When Kipling's exotic emphasis put ginger into the language, we seemed to be getting double measure in our reading, but the loud speaker parts of Kipling now sound like propaganda. So with Whitman, who spent his life trying to put Walt into words. He came closer than most of his contemporaries to that identification of the man and his work which is art, yet he says the same thing over a hundred times in order to be sure that he has said it. He spoke out so belligerently as to obscure his own meaning. James Joyce has set the fashion for confession stories in our own time, where every fleeting consciousness gets into print. Never, indeed, was so much intimacy of psychological happening expressed as in the last few years. If you do not know the furnishings of the modern author's mind it is not his fault. You know what he thinks of God, and the smell of his handkerchief. You know what he does every instant, including the particularly revealing hours when he is wickedly dreaming. He surely speaks out—but to what effect. We know more facts about our contemporaries than readers ever knew before, and yet the characters of expressionist fiction are hard to realize, still seem a little shadowy beside such purely legendary figures as Trollope's Archdeacon, or Elizabeth Bennet, or Jane Eyre.

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Thanks to science, the scrutiny of human nature has become more close and accurate. The literature of man is more analytical and better informed. By comparison with our immediate predecessors we try harder to tell the truth. The modern author would not think of introducing such mannikins made from a few traits and a line of conversation as blot the lesser pages of nearly every great writer of the pre-scientific age. Our writers are trained in the new fashion of ruthless observation. They can analyze even when they cannot create.

They speak out, but are they heard as well as Gray? It is not what is said that essentially counts in a book; it is what goes over into the imagination. Gray wrote one perfect poem in which he said what he had to say on the elegiac theme, and said it so well that it is impossible to insulate yourself from his meaning even by inattention. This *is* speaking out. To attain to perfect apprehension is the very essence of expression. Arnold, loquacious himself, need not have pitied the scholar poet for his reticence. He had spoken out to greater purpose than many a writer of epics, been more expressive than ten thousand muddled outpourings.

Saying more is not so important as saying it better. Many an author seems to lag behind his words. He sprays them, as a machine gun sprays bullets, toward everything, but there are few full hits. He speaks too much to speak out.

*A new edition of the Chronicles of Barset has just been published by the Charles E. Lauriat Co. of Boston.

Oriole

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

SUDDENLY earth grew whole
I saw your soul
Rise with that oriole
Whose flame of passing stirred
Something no bird
Had ever seen or heard.

Something no ears nor eyes
Could quite surprise
Nor feathered fire disguise,

But whose keen color spoke
In light that woke
Laughter from deadened oak

And life from blackened fern,
Making things turn
To blaze that had to burn,
While every spark that flew
Took root and grew
Leaf, stem and branch like you,

Altered, yet with the same
Power to frame
Green fire and golden flame.

This Week

Where Did the Guilt Lie? By *Bernadotte E. Schmitt.*
"Alcohol and Longevity." Reviewed by *Eugene L. Smith, M.D.*
"Hubert Parry." Reviewed by *Edward B. Hill.*
"Walter Camp." Reviewed by *Lawrence Perry.*
"Power." Reviewed by *Adolph E. Meyer.*
"Summer Storm." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*
"Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play." Reviewed by *G. C. D. Odell.*
Bookseller's Progress. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

American Novels. By *Maxwell Bodenheim.*
"Everybody's Pepys." Reviewed by *Frank V. Morley.*

The Great Revision*

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

SHAMEFUL and disastrous as was the whole Treaty of Versailles, there was one clause in it that surpassed all others in shame. It was Article 231, and it ran:—

> The Allied and Associated Governments affirm, and Germany accepts, the responsibility of herself and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies.

Other Articles in the Treaty are shameless in their bullying treatment of a gallant and vanquished enemy, and in the acquisitive greed that is sure to engender future wars, but that article expresses a lie of such grossness that I wonder the hand which first wrote it did not wither. I do not wonder that the German representative to whom it was first shown refused to sign such an atrocious perversion of the truth. Ultimately a German did consent to sign, and his consent is the most terrible evidence of the abject misery to which war, disease, and the starvation of women and children owing to the British blockade for seven months after the Armistice had reduced the German people.

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Whether M. Clemenceau or Mr. Lloyd George concocted the lie, I cannot be sure, but amid all the orgy of iniquity that prevailed in Versailles in 1919, that Article stands out conspicuous, and no historian will ever dare to repeat it except with indignant scorn. That is quite certain, no matter what view of the war's origins history may take. Many views will be put forward, for the authorities are already numerous, and often contradictory. Adapting the words of St. John's Gospel, I may say that, if the ultimate causes of the Great War should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Year by year since the double disasters of the war and the peace, the distinguished statesmen, ambassadors, and generals most closely concerned have been issuing their memoirs, their defensive versions, or their adverse criticisms, and I will not question the earnest solicitude of each to narrate the events with exactness, and to claim as motives the noblest that enlightened patriotism could inspire. Even if we went a step further and assumed that the narratives of all were precisely true and their claims nobly justified, the war would remain only another instance of the philosopher's law that tragedy is not the conflict of right and wrong, but of right and right.

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The consoling and serviceable idea that one particular man or nation was solely responsible for the violent deaths of some ten millions of young Europeans and Americans during the fifty-two months of the war has faded rather rapidly within the last seven years, and to discover the causes of the war, whether distant or immediate, the historian will have to seek far more deeply into the hearts of men and nations. "Hang the Kaiser!" and "Make Germany pay!" shrieked Mr. Lloyd George in hopes of winning the election that directly fol-

* This essay, and the one that follows, although dealing with different books are both concerned with the so-called revisionist school of history which is advancing a new theory of responsibility for the war. The Editors feel that the subject is of great importance and later articles indicating still other points of view will appear in the *Saturday Review.*

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lowed the Armistice in December, 1918, but how ridiculous such outcries now appear! The natural reaction has come, and the chief blame is thrown on very different shoulders. Certainly the most remarkable instance of this reaction that I have seen is "The Genesis of the World War,*" by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes. In this large and carefully written book, Professor Barnes sets himself out to prove that of all the Great Powers engaged in the war, Germany was in fact the least to blame. The main guilt—almost the sole guilt—he attributes to France and Russia as nations, and to M. Poincaré in France and Sazonov in Russia as the men chiefly implicated. Call it a piece of special pleading if you will, the book remains a powerful instance of advocacy, fully documented and supplied with accurate references to a vast body of evidence. The conclusion is a tremendous indictment of statesmen who were regarded as national heroes less than ten years ago, and if it had been published at that time, I cannot say what would have happened to the author. Imprisonment would have been too good for him in England, shooting in France, torture in Russia. But it is useless to speculate. Ten years ago the book could not have been published in any country but Germany.

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The main argument of the volume may be summed up as follows: Poincaré was a born Lorrainer, and from boyhood had been possessed of the idea of "Revenge"—revenge for the overwhelming defeat of France by Germany in 1870-1871, and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the two border provinces which had been annexed by Louis XIV nearly two centuries before. In passing I may notice that Bismarck himself was strongly opposed to this annexation, foreseeing in it the certain cause of future war, but he was overruled by Moltke and the military authorities, who hoped that the two provinces would serve as a barrier against French aggression. As usual, Bismarck was right. The French never forgave the loss. As Gambetta advised, they never spoke of it, but always thought. Poincaré never ceased to think. He is a man of great persistence, and imbued with a hatred of Germany that one may describe as a "possession." Since the war he has often proved it.

Side by side with M. Poincaré in guilt, says Professor Barnes, stood Sazonov, the Russian Foreign Minister, equally possessed by the ancient Russian ambition of obtaining Constantinople or at least the free passage of the Dardanelles. For these objects those two persistent spirits worked incessantly, and after the Balkan wars of 1912-1913 they clearly perceived that they could be gained only by a general European war. The war must be against Germany, allied with Austria, and perhaps allied with Italy, though that was very doubtful, since the Triple Alliance, founded in 1882, had been falling to pieces within the last ten years. But Germany would also be allied with Turkey, if indeed Turkey counted for much after her defeat by the Balkan League.

The question was: what would England do? At that time the most popular papers in London, especially the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*, under the influence of Lord Northcliffe, were working up extreme fear and hatred of Germany, mainly on the grounds of her growing navy and her commercial success. For more than three centuries Britannia had obeyed the call to rule the waves. In turn she had wiped out the rival fleets of Spain, Holland, and France. Here was another rival fleet to be wiped out, and that was all about it. At the same time Germany had suddenly become industrialized. Her factories were spreading her cheap products all over the world, and ousting the English from their long-established markets. She was also setting up as a Colonial Empire and occupying bits of Africa, planning a railway to Bagdad, and otherwise displaying an enterprise and superiority which every Englishman had regarded as his natural right, bestowed upon his race by Heaven itself. The English people as a whole were ignorant of the German language, and seldom visited Germany for pleasure. What they knew of German manners was not agreeable, and German literature was stiff and unalluring compared with French. It was true that France had been our enemy for centuries, but she was our "sweet enemy," and sweetness was not a German quality.

* THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR. By HARRY ELMER BARNES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.

Sir Edward Grey shared all these feelings and apprehensions. Though so long Foreign Minister, he remained singularly ignorant of foreign countries. He never traveled and knew no language but his own. Influenced, as I think, chiefly by fear—fear of German supremacy in Europe, of German rivalry on land and sea, and of possible attack upon our shores or colonies—Grey allowed himself to be won over to the Poincaré-Sazonov plot for the creation of a general war. He yielded bit by bit till it was too late to draw back. He permitted English officers of the highest rank to draw up schemes for war, both naval and military, against Germany, and even to visit Belgium and the French frontiers to examine the ground for our campaign. He allowed the whole of the British fleet to be concentrated for war in the North Sea. We now know from the Sazonov correspondence with the Czar that Grey did in fact give certain promises to France and Russia that pledged our support, and though nothing may have been definitely written on paper in the nature of a Treaty, he so implicated our national honor that we could not have stood aside when the crisis came. At the last he struggled for peace, and I have no doubt he struggled honestly, for his has always been a peaceful nature, like that of all fishermen. But on July 30th, when he made his final and most hopeful offer to Germany, it was already too late. Fortunately for him and the Cabinet, Germany then made the almost incredible mistake of invading France through Belgium. To act as though an old Treaty were a scrap of paper was nothing new. We had stood unmoved when the Treaty of Paris and the Treaty of Berlin were torn up by Russia and Austria respectively. But the assault upon Belgium—a small and defenceless country, dangerously threatening our eastern shores, gave a first-rate excuse to our war parties, silenced the opposition of the Liberals, and united almost the whole country in the passionate indignation required for war.

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Even at the last moment—say up to July 28th—Grey might have prevented war by telling France and Russia that England would have nothing to do with it. But he considered his honor and the country's honor involved, and, besides, he was very much afraid. If Germany defeated France and Russia in turn, as she would have done without the help of our fleet and the "Old Contemptibles," it would be England's turn next, and he thought his duty to the country plain.

There are minor points that I must omit, such as the sinister desires and conspiracies of financiers and the great munitions firms, the complicity of the Serbian Government in the Archduke's murder at Serajevo, the question how far Germany was behind the Austrian ultimatum to Belgrade, and the action of Sazonov in ordering the Russian mobilization (which began the war) without the Czar's consent, or even against his express order. Those points are now being fairly well cleared up, and on the whole the advantage lies with Germany. But they are all secondary to the main question of the two origins—the Frenchman's desire for revenge by the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, and the Russian's ambition to hoist the Russian flag in Constantinople or up and down the Dardanelles. I was in Berlin when the war broke out, and no one questioned its real intention If anything it was regarded as a Russian war rather than a French. It was the work of Sazonov and Izvolski, the Russian Ambassador in Paris. "So Izvolski has his war!" cried the true patriot Jaurès just before he was murdered as an opponent of the war. "That is my war!" said Izvolski himself when it came.

I think this fairly represents the line taken by Professor Barnes in his very remarkable work (which runs to 750 pages), and so far I entirely agree with him. So far I believe most English people would now agree with him, especially since France has displayed a militarism and aggressive policy that do not promise well for peace ever since the crime of Versailles, to say nothing of her growing hostility towards ourselves. But there was another side to the events leading up to the Great War, and Professor Barnes seems to me to make too light of it. He is a special pleader, and he does not conceal his part. For instance, so far as I have discovered, he altogether omits the "Willy-Nicky" correspondence between the Kaiser and the Czar, and it is a correspondence that reveals both the weakness of the Czar and the arrogant conceit of the Kaiser, together with his detestation of England. Indeed, though he frequently professed the truest affection for this country (especially in the famous interview of 1908), the Kaiser's main object in regard to us was evidently to humiliate our "insolence and pride." It is quite possible that we well deserved humiliation, but we cannot blame our Ministers, our Navy, or our Army for doing their utmost to provide against it.

In omitting the Kaiser's personality from his examination of the war's origins, Professor Barnes has omitted an important factor and neglected an opportunity of great interest. If the Kaiser in his personal vanity had not dismissed Bismarck so soon after his accession, it is almost certain that Germany would never have had to withstand the fatal war on both flanks. For the root of Bismarck's policy was to maintain friendship with Russia at all costs. The Kaiser was, and still is, a man of enviable versatility, of enviable energy, but, perhaps through his half-English mother (though she was a clever and sensible woman) he missed the German characteristics of patience, thoroughness, and dogged limitation. Everything by turn or together—King and Emperor by Divine Right, Supreme War Lord, Critic of Art, lecturer on Strategy, Master of Ceremonies, glorified Commercial Traveler for his country—he appeared to diffuse rather than sum up the characters of his ancestry on both sides, and the diffusion rent him in pieces.

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At the beginning of his reign (1891) a Portuguese writer, Eça de Queiroz, published a remarkable essay in which he said of the Kaiser:—

> In my opinion he is nothing but a *dilettante* of activities—a man enamoured of activity, comprehending and feeling with unusual intensity the infinite delight it affords, and desiring to experience and enjoy it in every form permissible in our state of civilisation.

That insatiable desire to experience every form of activity, combined with a mistaken conviction that God was his special Ally and would promote the success of his every undertaking, led him to disaster. But what man among us would act very differently from the young Kaiser, if the same opportunities were his? Give to anyone among us two highly gifted parents, bring anyone of us up among great traditions of martial and imperial glory, place him upon a throne in command of an army hitherto invincible, and over a people singularly submissive to authority, concede the opportunity of indulging all the many-sided tastes that most of us share—the love of knowledge, the lust of travel, delight in music and art, pleasure in society, the joy of making large bodies of drilled men move in harmony like an orchestra, the desire to benefit one's fellow creatures, and to win their love for benefits conferred, together with a passion for imposing one's will upon the whole world for the world's lasting good—place anyone among us in such a position, and who can swear that he will not behave very much as the young Kaiser, or a hind let loose, or a wild ass galloping over the open desert? That was why when I saw the Kaiser, whether in Berlin, or at an Aldershot review, or at Queen Victoria's funeral, I always thought to myself, "There but for the grace of God go I!"

* * *

Yet the day came when, as foretold by Eça de Queiroz twenty years before, "Europe would awake to the roar of clashing armies, because in the soul of the great *dilettante* the desire to know war, to enjoy war, was stronger than reason, counsel, or pity for his subjects." How nearly prophetic was the writer's conclusion!—

> If he win, he may have within and without the frontiers altars such as were raised to Augustus; should he lose, exile, the traditional exile in England, awaits him. In the course of years (may God make them slow and lengthy!) this youth, ardent, pleasing, fertile in imagination, of sincere, perhaps heroic soul, may be sitting in calm majesty in his Berlin Schloss presiding over the destinities of Europe, or he may be in the Hotel Métropole in London sadly unpacking from his exile's handbag the battered double crown of Prussia and Germany.

Put a remote village in Holland for London, and so it has happened. But whose was the fault? Professor Barnes admits that Germany was nationalistic, imperialistic, militaristic, ambitious as to naval plans, and given to secret diplomacy. "Germany," he says, "was certainly not a lamb in the midst of the pack of European wolves, but it is just as apparent that she was not the unique wolf in the fold." I entirely agree. No sane man would

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question it now. We all stand for revision if we have any sense at all. But in his zeal for the revision —a just and noble revision—it does seem to me that Professor Barnes forgets the weights that might prevent the German scale from kicking the beam of heavenly innocence.

Consider briefly the main international events since the fall of Bismarck (1890), and though each would require an article to itself, apportion, if you can, the praise or blame in case after case. At once the Kaiser took the direction of foreign affairs into his own hands, and traveled around Europe, partly to secure alliances, partly to display his own and his country's power. In 1894 Nicholas II became Czar, a weak-willed, well-intentioned man, dominated by an energetic wife, whose first thought was the maintenance of the dynasty, and her second the superstitious worship of religious charlatans. Early in 1896 the Kaiser telegraphed congratulations to Kruger on the suppression of the Jameson Raid, a justified but provocative action, giving false hopes to the Boers. In 1897, after the defeat of China by Japan, England, Russia, and Germany seized points upon the Chinese coast for future developments. In 1898 war between England and France over the Fashoda incident was narrowly averted, and in the South African War of 1899-1902 hatred of England was so strong in France and Germany that only the Kaiser's opposition prevented a general league against her. In 1900 a Navy Bill doubled the German Navy so as to protect German commerce and hold its own in the North Sea, About the same time Joseph Chamberlain attempted in vain to arrange a close understanding between England and Germany. In 1901 the pro-German Queen Victoria died, and Edward VII began to turn our foreign policy towards France and Russia. In 1902 England concluded an alliance with Japan, and this was followed by an arrangement with France in regard to Egypt and Morocco, whereupon the Kaiser visited Tangier with great display (1905). This was during the defeat of Russia by Japan, and it caused the fall of Delcassé, always as strong an opponent of Germany as M. Poincaré has been. The Algeciras Conference on Morocco was, however, a defeat for Germany (1906). In the next year England and Russia agreed to the partition of Persia into "spheres of influence," and after Edward VII's visit to the Czar in Reval (1908), the Kaiser in an interview with the *Daily Telegraph* protested his lasting affection for England.

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The "Young Turk" revolution of 1908 created a new situation. Prince Ferdinand declared himself Czar of Bulgaria; Austria annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina; Russia threatened war, and was only prevented by the appearance of the Kaiser on Austria's side "in shining armor" (1909). Owing to our construction of the first "Dreadnought" our former fleet became obsolete, and Germany started level in building a rival fleet. In 1910 Edward VII, so strangely called the "Peace Maker," died, and when the French in the following year marched to Fez, the Kaiser sent the small war-ship, *Panther*, to the Moroccan port of Agadir, whereupon Mr. Lloyd George uttered so violent a protest in a speech at the Guildhall that war was with difficulty averted (July, 1911). Later in the same year Italy seized Tripoli from the Turks, and in 1912 the Balkan League might have driven the Turks out of Europe altogether but for Russia's interference. The war of the other members of the League against Bulgaria, followed by the disastrous Treaty of Bucharest (1913) left the Near East in chaos, and all the Great Powers began increasing their armaments, Mr. Haldane's visit to Berlin (1912) in the hope of inducing the Kaiser to limit his fleet construction having failed. So we come to the Serajevo murders of June, 1914, and the crash of general war.

It is a hideous story of intrigue and defiance, prompted chiefly by international fear and jealousy, but partly by personal vanity and the hope of personal glory or gain. How to unravel it with exact and unprejudiced industry one must leave to that amiable creature "the Future Historian," and I do not envy him the task.

Lord Rosebery recently acquired Napoleon's copy of "The Sorrows of Werther," which was discovered on an open stall in Paris.

Where Did the Guilt Lie?

By Bernadotte E. Schmitt
University of Chicago

An English translation of M. Raymond Poincaré's "Au Service de la France"* is very welcome, especially when done in the admirable fashion of this book. Of late years the French statesman has been fixed upon by a certain school of writers—the so-called "revisionists"—as one of the persons most directly responsible for the Great War; in the minds of some, he is the criminal, for, it is argued, Russia would never have dared challenge the Central Powers on the Serbian question without the support and encouragement of her ally France, personified in M. Poincaré. M. Poincaré frequently protested against the charge, but his denials were, for the most part, framed in generalities; and there was always the reply that he was unwilling, when premier after the war, to open the French archives. Must not France, and he in particular, be afraid of the truth?

At long last he has made his answer, or rather begun to make it, for the first three volumes of the French original, of which the first two are now translated, carry the story down only to the end of 1913, and the volume on the year 1914 may well be delayed, now that M. Poincaré is once more premier. He evidently proposes to do the job with almost Teutonic thoroughness! As only historical experts will want to tackle the voluminous original, it was a happy thought of Sir George Arthur to bring

Illustration by John Austen for Byron's "Don Juan." (Dodd, Mead).

out the English translation in somewhat condensed form. Indeed the book, so far as the general public is concerned, is sensibly improved by the cutting. French readers no doubt will appreciate the reprinting of M. Poincaré's speeches on ceremonial occasions, peruse intelligently his detailed analyses of complicated diplomatic negotiations, and enjoy the rebukes administered to detractors like M. Alfred Fabre-Luce, M. Ernest Judet, and M. Victor Margueritte; but Americans will be glad that the translator has frequently briefed the speeches, summarized the negotiations, and omitted the polemics or relegated them to foot-notes. The translation itself is a remarkable literary performance, for as the Duke of Northumberland remarks, "one cannot tell that it is a translation," it is an Englishing, in the strict sense of the word. One may wonder how the distinguished author feels about the rendering of his elegant, classical French into very colloquial English. "Trotted out," "running amok," "in the dumps," "hanker after," "show up" are phrases picked out at random which illustrate the style of Sir George Arthur; still, they do in every case reflect the sense of M. Poincaré's words and the translator has earned our gratitude for turning out a most readable book.

The case against M. Poincaré rests largely on the testimony of the former Russian ambassador in Paris, A. P. Isvolsky, whose secret correspondence with his chief, S. D. Sazonov, has been published by the Soviet Government. From these papers "Isvolsky has been made into a sort of legendary person, a great international conspirator, a mysterious and maleficent genius," whose prime object was to precipitate a European war in order that Russia might seize the Strait at Constantinople. And M. Poincaré continues:

> German propaganda has kindly added, as regards myself, that sometimes I was the accomplice of this adventurous diplomatist, and that, in the hope of reconstituting Lorraine, I took part in his calculated perversities, while at other times I am represented as having been wholly under his thumb and as having placed Republican France in a humiliating position as under-dog to Imperial Russia.

Certainly no one can read Isvolsky's letters and telegrams without feeling that he was a dangerous and mischievous person; nevertheless it must be said that, although he undoubtedly expected a European war and worked zealously to secure the closest coöperation between France and Russia, nowhere does he express a desire for war, nowhere does he mention the Straits as the objective of a Russian campaign. "To do him justice," says M. Poincaré, who frequently complains of his conduct, "no word ever escaped him which would permit one to think that he was otherwise than sincerely desirous of peace."

* * *

But whatever Isvolsky's and Sazonov's ultimate plans may have been, was not M. Poincaré too prodigal of promises that France would support her ally? In several of the ambassador's reports, the French premier is represented as giving Russia a free hand and even stimulating her to a more energetic policy. Here, of course, is the crux of the controversy. M. Poincaré deals carefully with each of these interviews. Once, at a large official luncheon, Isvolsky just returned from leave, asked him a string of questions, on the strength of which St. Petersburg was informed that in the event of war between Russia and Germany "Parliament and public opinion would entirely approve the decision of the Government to grant armed assistance to Russia" and that the military chiefs of France regarded the prospects in such a war "very optimistically." M. Poincaré comments:

> I was not likely to choose "after luncheon" at the Elysée, with a hundred guests buzzing round, as a suitable moment for Isvolsky to extract from me a rash promise which might go to upset French politics. . . . I said the only thing I could say. Ought Isvolsky to have been told, as he puffed the Elysée cigars, that the Russian alliance was regarded by us as a scrap of paper, and that I believed France to be capable of tearing it up? . . . He doubtless wished, on his return . . . to demonstrate to his Government that over coffee and a liqueur he had assimilated more information than his Chargé d'Affaires could obtain in a fortnight, though I can scarcely see myself having a prolonged *tête-à tête* with one of the guests at an official party. I have not kept notes of our conversation, nor do I remember that Isvolsky asked me as to what was the thought of the generals who were present, whom he could have questioned if he wished. If, however, he did ask me "whether I should be confident if war were to break out," I certainly did not say, "No; we should be beaten."

* * *

In November, 1912, in the midst of the Balkan crisis, Isvolsky reported the premier as saying that "it is for Russia to take the initiative where she is concerned; it is for France to help her as much as she can." He showed his telegram to M. Poincaré, who protested vigorously against such interpretation of his thought, and went so far as to address to the ambassador a formal note, approved by the cabinet, and now published for the first time, in which the French Government declares that it awaits proposals from Russia and "can only agree with them *or discuss them* when they are known." Other instances are cited to show that Isvolsky was not always accurate, and that his correspondence must be used with caution. From French documents already published, which are generally ignored by his critics and from unpublished documents, of which he makes extensive use, M. Poincaré proves that at no time did he give *carte blanche* to Russia; on the contrary he always insisted that Russia communicate her plans to France in advance, and more than once he stayed the somewhat impetuous Sazonov.

Whenever the question of the alliance was raised, the promise of support was invariably limited to the circumstances foreseen by the treaty: Russia must be attacked by Germany or by Austria aided by Germany. Can this, asks M. Poincaré, be made a reproach to France? The answer is, of course, that it cannot be. During the Moroccan crisis of 1911, France had inquired if Russia would fulfil her obligations, and received an affirmative reply, apparently to the disgust of Isvolsky. "How, therefore, a year later, when the Balkans provided as serious a crisis for Russia as Morocco provided for us, could

*The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré (1912). Translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1926.

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France do precisely what she reproached Isvolsky for trying to do?" The treaty did not exclude the Balkans from its scope, indeed the first collaboration of France and Russia had occurred in the Balkans. As long as the balance of power dominated European policy and the Powers were ranged against each other in serried alliances, France was tied to Russia as irretrievably as Germany was bound to Austria.

There was of course a line of policy which France might follow. If she wished to make Germany contented, she might cut herself off from her friends and allies, submit over and over again to something not unlike blackmail, cringe to every threat of force, and count only on right, without might, to make good her wrongs. Of course such a policy would at once have put France at the mercy of the Hohenzollerns; it would have been to repudiate everything we had tried to do since 1871, and to renounce openly any eventual reparation for a great historic injustice; it would have meant the definite and final subordination of France, her moral and economic servitude, and her inevitable decline.

M. Poincaré was as solicitous about France's relations with England as he was about the Russian alliance. On this matter he contributes not a little to our knowledge. The plan of concentrating the French fleet in the Mediterranean and the British in the North Sea was suggested by Mr. Winston Churchill. Would England then defend the northern coast of France? M. Poincaré pressed for assurances, and the consequence was the exchange of notes between Sir Edward Grey and Paul Cambon in November, 1912, which, however, merely pledged the two governments to confer. Great Britain refused to bind herself, and M. Poincaré repudiates a statement made by Sazonov to the Czar that there was an "engagement" between France and England. He is as emphatic about this as Lord Grey and Lord Asquith.

* * *

Germany was the great enigma. Rightly or wrongly, M. Poincaré feared the worst, and prepared for the worst, But he insists that it was not provocative for France to urge Russia to construct strategic railways in Poland, for the Central Powers had already built their lines; he denies that Russia ever requested or even hinted that France should restore the three years' service. At all times he was scrupulously polite to Germany, coöperating with her in the Concert of Europe and refusing to set off the Triple Entente against the Triple Alliance. But German policy was "always a case of blowing hot and cold, of shaking hands with you at one moment, and shaking a fist in your face the next." So M. Poincaré kept his powder dry.

Did he want war? No; but he was not afraid of it, and if a challenge was to be thrown down that would affect the balance of power in Europe, he was prepared to take it up. One may go further and say that by supporting Russian policy in the Balkans, even with reservations, M. Poincaré forced Germany to the side of Austria, that by consolidating the Triple Entente he made inevitable the renewal of the Triple Alliance. He cannot escape responsibility for contributing to the schism of Europe. But it may be said with equal truth that it was the German backing of Austria from 1908 on which led France to support Russia in 1912 and after; nor should it be forgotten that a system of alliances was inaugurated by Germany, as well as the practice of conscription.

* * *

To judge M. Poincaré fairly is no easy matter. When he took office in 1912 he found the system of secret alliances and bloated alliances in full swing, and in spite of recurring crises it had justified itself in the maintenance of peace. To strengthen the alliances and to increase the armaments was the panacea not of M. Poincaré alone, but of nearly all European statesmen; only Lord Grey advocated a limitation of armaments and had a vision of Locarno. Along the path marked out by tradition M. Poincaré would seem to have walked warily, if indeed positively, pursuing, as he calls it, "a cautious, but not a weak, policy"; within the limits imposed by the system, he worked for peace. But his policy was not one of peace at any price, any more than was the policy of any other Great Power. Judged by the standards and methods of 1912, M. Poincaré comes out well enough; those methods had to produce "the scourge of the War of 1914-1918" (to quote the Treaties of Locarno) before Europe could consider discarding them. M. Poincaré may or may not have been better than his contemporaries; on that opinions will differ. But he was certainly no worse.

Alcohol and Mortality

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY. By Raymond Pearl. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by Eugene L. Fisk, M.D.
Medical Director, Life Extension Institute

IN this book a bewildering mass of statistics, wholly unintelligible to the average reader, is assembled to prove the thesis that moderate drinkers have a greater life expectation than total abstainers and that so-called "moderate" drinking has no deleterious effects on human life as measured by the mortality results. These conclusions are in direct conflict with the testimony derived from life insurance statistics, and also from dependable laboratory studies which are not included in Professor Pearl's discussion. The life insurance studies Professor Pearl dismisses, as "casual," and not homogeneous. Let us see what he puts against them.

His own groups are derived, as he states, from the following sources:

The tuberculosis individuals were taken at random (except for race stock) from among those persons who were registered with the Baltimore City Health Department as having active tuberculosis, under the law which makes this a reportable disease; or from those persons registered with Phipps Tuberculosis Clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. The non-tuberculosis individuals were taken at random (except for race stock) either from among those persons who had, for some trivial offense (such as, for example, playing baseball in a vacant lot, etc.) been before the Juvenile Court and were known not to be tuberculous; or from patients registered at the General Dispensary of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and known not to be tuberculous.

The groups analyzed include 5,248 people about whom we have the vaguest possible information as to their condition of health at the ages they entered the classification, and the sub-groups upon which Professor Pearl has built his life tables are too small for such treatment. For example, there were 67 women in the female class of heavy drinkers. Fancy building a survivorship table on 67 people and deriving therefrom a generalization as to the effect of alcohol to be applied to the whole human race!

* * *

The life insurance studies, on the other hand, which he characterizes as "casual," cover some two million lives homogeneous at least in the most important respect that we are concerned with in such a study, namely, their original state of health when they were entered for classification. These life insurance groups were not reclassified on the basis of changed habits in the use of alcohol as was done in Pearl's group. Such reclassification absolutely destroys the value of the study. The increasing indulgence in alcohol with its well-known and undisputed destructive effects on life is just as much a risk of moderate drinking as Bright's disease or cirrhosis of the liver.

It is wholly unscientific and defeats the very object of the investigation to thus reclassify these lives and make the comparison between total abstainers and those who have succeeded in maintaining a moderate drinking habit throughout life. That is merely an academic question of little practical importance. What the public desires to know is the risk that is assumed when one commences to drink alcohol in so-called moderation. If we eliminate all the cases that have sustained damage from alcohol and only include those that remain unaffected, we are not playing fair in research methods.

Professor Pearl also excludes death from accidents, although life insurance experience has shown that an increased death rate from accidents is an accompaniment of alcoholic indulgence.

* * *

The manner and form in which these statistics are presented is technically correct, but popularly misleading. Even the scientific reader would have to read this book very carefully to discover the facts. No lay reader would suppose that a survivorship table starting with one hundred thousand people has actually been based upon the death rate among 67. The other five groups range in number from 645 to 1,452. These groups are not to be pitted against the two million lives of a far more homogeneous type from which the life insurance figures were derived, showing a higher death rate among moderate drinkers than among policyholders generally. Truly these 67 unfortunate women did not die in vain since they enabled Professor Pearl to prove what every policeman knows—that heavy drinking *does* shorten life.

Another grave fault in this remarkable book—remarkable because it is written by one of our most brilliant workers in statistical fields—is the amount of space devoted to some utterly worthless studies on the mortality from alcohol. Inasmuch as the principal contributors to the studies admit that they are worthless, and Pearl admits that they are worthless, why burden the long-suffering public with such a discussion?

An early and preliminary study of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company on groups to whom policies were issued from 1886 to 1895, carried forward to 1900, apparently showing no advantage of abstainers over moderate drinkers is presented and discussed, but the later ("casual"?) study of that company covering a group of 286,392 people on whom policies were issued from 1885 to 1900, carried forward to 1915, which was available and known to Professor Pearl at the time that his book was written is not included or even referred to in the copious bibliography. This latest study shows a decided advantage of total abstainers over moderate drinkers, and is in agreement with all other life insurance studies in that it shows a substantially higher death rate among moderate drinkers as compared to abstainers. Professor Pearl states that he may issue an enlarged bibliography on alcohol. It is to be hoped that he will include in it this important study.

The book also presents some studies on the racial effect of alcohol as measured by experiments on animals. The conclusion derived from these studies by Professor Stockard and Professor Pearl has not been widely accepted as to its beneficent racial influence through its selective and destructive action on the weaker elements in the germ plasma. The circulation of all disease germs among the people could be advocated on the same principle.

* * *

Until better evidence than is presented in this book is offered, we can see no reason to question the statistics collected over many years of time by distinguished actuaries and medical experts on whom rests the practical business responsibility of selecting insurance risks. These statistics show that among large groups of people using alcohol the death rate increases with the increase in the use of alcohol, and that the minimal death rate is found among the groups abstaining from alcohol. It will be time enough to revise these conclusions when Professor Pearl or some one else has presented studies on comparable groups reasonably homogeneous as to their condition of health at the time they were entered for classification and undisturbed by any reclassification tending to mask the actual destructive effect of alcohol on the lives concerned.

The life insurance studies and the laboratory studies—notably those of Dodge, Benedict, and Miles at the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington—showing the disturbing effect of so-called moderate doses of alcohol on the human organism, must stand as the only dependable basis for a public message on this question.

Finally, we may ask, why include in a scientific work alleged to consist of valid research material treated without bias, the "profound" elucidations of one Henry Arthur Jones in the *English Review*? We are not aware that anybody by the name of Jones has settled this question for all time by any scientific investigation and hence the conclusion is inevitable that this book with its curious twistings and turnings and statistical evasions is, in fact, the expression of a profound emotional bias rather than the normal product of exact, impartial scientific research. Henry Arthur Jones is magnificent, but he is not science.

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Musician and Educator

HUBERT PARRY: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By CHARLES L. GRAVES. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926.

Reviewed by EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL
Harvard University

TO the majority of American educators in music, and presumably to at least a portion of their students, Sir Hubert Parry is chiefly known as the author of several works of a critical and historical nature—"Studies of Great Composers," "The Evolution of the Art of Music," "Johann Sebastian Bach," and the third volume of the Oxford History of Music entitled, "The Music of the Seventeenth Century." These books, at once analytic and constructive, maintain an unchallenged position by reason of their eminent virtues of insight, critical acumen, and breadth of view. They belong in the front rank of literature about music in any language. Owing to the prejudices of the foreign conductors who dominate our musical life, we are, with few exceptions, out of touch with English music of the last forty years save for a few choral works and some specimens of the activity of the younger living Englishmen. We are, moreover, relatively ignorant of Parry's music as a whole and still less acquainted with the traits of his individuality and the underlying causes of his influence in English musical education.

For these reasons alone, then, American admirers of Parry, the historian and analyst, would have welcomed Mr. Graves's exceptionally stimulating biography. His task has been rendered pecularily difficult owing to the unusual breadth of Sir Hubert's personality as well as the bewildering versatility of his interests. Undeterred by these obstacles Mr. Graves has accomplished a thorough record of Parry's career, the diverse human and artistic experiences of which are treated with comprehensive detail. There are vivid pictures of his school life at Eton, where athletic prowess and conviviality were strangely mingled with a progressive concern about music. Thus, at the age of sixteen, Sir Hubert wrote as follows: "I have now finished reading through the Preludes and the Fugues of the 48 of Bach. What a wonderful volume it is! It is to me a companion in travel, my comfort in trouble, my solace in sickness, and my sharer in happiness." This outpouring, at once somewhat youthfully self-conscious and yet critically precocious, is clearly prophetic of the authoritative biography of later years.

* * *

At Oxford, Parry plunged headlong into social and athletic life, yet music insistently claimed his attention. For while yet a Freshman, he was sufficiently advanced in technical skill to take his degree as Bachelor of Music. He was president of the Musical Society at Exeter, but also of the Adelphi Wine Club, and during a "long vacation" studied with the voluntarily expatriated English musician, Henry Hugo Pierson, who married a German wife and lived at Stuttgart, whither Parry sought him.

From Oxford, although uncompelled by financial necessity, he drifted into a half-hearted acceptance (probably on account of the prevailing prejudice against music as a profession for a "gentleman") of a business position at Lloyds. Nevertheless, he read omnivorously and kept in touch with the chief events of the London musical season.

In 1872, Parry married Lady Maud Herbert, the culmination of a romance which began at Eton, after some years of both tacit and active opposition from Lady Maud's mother. For the remainder of his life he lived in London or in the country nearby, save for an occasional trip to the Continent and a picturesque voyage to South America after a breakdown in health. In the country he occupied himself with botany, the study of mushrooms and, when near the sea, of sea-weeds. He rode, hunted now and then, skated, besides being a most adventurous yachtsman and swimmer. He also superintended the management of his estates, and in later years even occupied the position of county magistrate. He always pursued an exacting and highly varied course of reading, chiefly in English and French literature. As a young man he came in contact with Madame Schumann Faure, the French baritone, Joachim, Rubinstein, and Hans von Bülow. He also formed a fruitful friendship with Edward Dannreuther, to whom for years he submitted his works in the process of composition, and who brought not a few of them to performance.

Somewhat by chance Parry entered upon critical work for Sir George Grove in connection with the famous "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," an unconscious preparation for his subsequent career as teacher and author. As time went on his collaboration became more and more significant, and many important articles issued from his pen at the cost of much research. During this period, Brahm's "Ein Deutsches Requiem," Bach's B minor Mass, "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Bayreuth, followed by Wagner's visit to London where he conducted and also read the as yet unset poem to "Parsifal" at Dannreuther's house were further determinative experiences of great import. In 1877, Parry gave up business and henceforth devoted himself entirely to music—composition, lessons, articles for Grove's Dictionary, abundant concert-going as well as frequent visits to his countryplace at Rustington. Several works by Parry were performed with varying success. But composition began to gain the ascendant. The first scene of "Prometheus Unbound," for chorus and orchestra, submitted as usual to Dannreuther, received his enthusiastic commendation—"a commendation" notes Mr. Graves "which continued as the work progressed, in spite of continuous interruptions and distractions: barrel-organs, pupils, rehearsals of his other works, social and domestic duties."

In 1883, Parry became professor of Musical History at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He was also for many years an examiner for musical degrees at both Cambridge and Oxford. In this connection Mr. Graves records: "The heavy 'ploughing' of would-be 'Mus. Bac's'—12 out of 21—at Oxford gave him no satisfaction, though it lent support to the old gibe against Bachelors of Music as 'people not yet wedded to their art.'" The far-reaching influence of Parry as a teacher, his faculty for lucid exposition and picturesque but informatory digression, is reiterated by all who came in contact with him as a student. In 1891, already weighed down by responsibility, Parry became in addition director of the Royal College of Music in London. Here he still further extended the scope of his influence by a series of illuminating and thoughtful addresses to the pupils, characteristic of his broad yet vital views on musical art, and by the thorough manner in which he performed his executive duties.

Nevertheless despite his truly strenuous activity as a teacher, Parry somehow found time to write chamber-music, symphonies, and a long series of choral works, the latter mostly commissioned for provincial festivals. It is still too soon to "place" Parry as a composer. His chamber music belongs for the most part to his experimental stage. It also seems likely that Parry's lack of facility in orchestral rhetoric will militate against the survival of his symphonies although separate movements are noteworthy. But many of his songs and certain of his choral works are not only of intrinsic worth but are likely to remain as permanent memorials of the best in English music of his generation.

The acknowledged "great composer" is too often unstable in ethical standpoint, while his intellectual attainments outside the practice of his art are seldom more than negligible. Parry's magnificent mental equipment, constantly nourished in varying fields of thought, his loyal and generous disposition, his democratic sympathies, and his self-effacement before his conception of duty make him an almost unique figure among musicians (a sort of English César Franck) and reveal a fresh standard as to the potentialities of an artistic character.

By the time we finish Mr. Graves' biography, we too are of Sir Hamilton Harty's opinion that the ultimate value of Sir Hubert's music is subordinate to his virtues and example as a man. To be sure we wish his works to be appraised with justice. But we have followed the expansion of his personality and the growth of his service to musical art from the early samplings of life at Eton and Oxford, the tentative years in London to his full maturity as an educator and a musical philosophy. It is typical of Sir Hubert's individuality that the closing chapters of Mr. Graves's life should deal with his music to several Greek plays, valuable contributions to classical dramatic activities at English universities, with his traits as a yachtsman, and with a résumé of the philosophy of Art and Life as expressed in his addresses to the students at the Royal College of Music and in his last unpublished book, "Instinct and Character." The final phase of his preoccupation with the relation between music and life completes the human portrait. Mr. Graves has achieved a singularly noteworthy biography.

In Memoriam

WALTER CAMP, THE FATHER OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL. By HARFORD POWELL, JR. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE PERRY

LEISURELINESS in the years coming upon middle life and then appreciably beyond is so rare in the United States that we have yet to develop that type of gentleman sportsman and patron of amateur games who is—or was, before the world war—so common in England. Possibly the peculiarities of our national life may make it impossible that this genius will ever develop here, although so stupendous is the surge of athletic interest at the present time, so ramified its expression, that the commentator would be rash indeed were he to attempt to delimit outcropping manifestations which the future may develop. In any event we have already evolved a little group whose catholicity in sport has outgrown any original collegiate or club affiliation that may originally have circumscribed their enthusiasm and bounded their scope of patronage.

You will find them at the Penn Relays at Philadelphia, at the November climacterics of the Big Three, at the New London and Poughkeepsie boat races, the Olympiads, dual track meets of important universities, and Commencement baseball games where the crowd is large and the setting colorful. They are men beyond middle age, genial men; men of sound criticism who know the technique of the games they observe. Athletes in their splendid prime, they have never outgrown a youthful enthusiasm for sport and seemingly have no flaw in their enjoyment of a skill they cannot emulate and strength and physical driving power they no longer own. And they are all successful in business, the professions.

Out of all this the writer thinks may be evolved a picture of the late Walter Camp which is quite accurate in essential characteristics.

* * *

Mr. Powell's biography fills out the details with spirit, sympathy, and understanding. Walter Camp was ideally placed for a man who carried an enthusiasm for sport into his graduate years. Born in New Haven, the seat of Yale University, he spent his life in that city. Here his business was situated, here was his home. The university was at his elbow. It was entirely natural that his interest and technical understanding of football and other sports should have found outlet in coaching, these being days when the paid coach did not exist and instruction of athletes was dependent upon team captains and such graduate players as could find time and opportunity to devote to this work.

He never accepted pay for his services in behalf of Yale athletics and yet of all men who have ever coached in football there is none to compare with Camp. In the thirty years from 1880 to 1910 in which he either coached or was the directing genius behind the scenes, Yale stood supreme in the gridiron game, and it was when the envy and ambition of younger men pushed Camp into the background and finally out of the Yale football scene that the decline of this university as a football leader began.

While directing Yale's football destinies Walter Camp's constructive genius in shaping the rules of play were definitely influential in bringing the game to its present status of stupendous popularity. It was he who devised the number of men who shall constitute a team, eleven; he evolved the scrimmage line, the quarter-back, and other backfield positions. He first employed signals and divided play into series of downs. For years, in fact until his death, he was the court of last resort in all questions pertaining to rules and interpretations. As he drew farther and farther from the councils of Yale athletics his interests became correspondingly general until at length he stood in the eyes of the intercollegiate world much less a Yale man than a national possession. His enthusiasm for sport bore the additional fruit of a rather large literary output, a fiction, essays, technical articles; in his later years he syndicated a daily column devoted to athletics which had wide distribution.

The onset of war in 1917 brought the public mind to a state in which it was peculiarly receptive to propaganda of a sort that Camp had long been preaching, physical fitness. He met the opportunity with his Daily Dozen. Mr. Powell with reason and justice devotes many pages of his biography to this

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system of home exercise which in a flash became a household word. And here, the writer suspects, may be found the sanction of all Camp's years of devotion to athletics. In the years of the war, and immediately afterward, it is likely that in nine out of ten homes throughout the country one or more were doing the Daily Dozen, and today it remains an important part in the daily regimen of those who have a pride about their figures and their health.

Camp himself at sixty-five was vigorous, strong, lusty. He could turn in a golf card of eighty or under, eat anything that appealed to him and walk any distance without fatigue. His eyes were clear, his face ruddy; nowhere were there signs of that decay which accompanies advancing years. Yet thus staunch with vigor, thus apparently endowed with health, he went to bed after a Football Rules Committee meeting in the early spring of 1925. And he never woke up.

A Cyclorama

POWER. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ADOLPH E. MEYER
New York University

THAN Lion Feuchtwanger's "Jud Süsz" few modern German novels have been more uproariously praised. Critics, in fact, have heaped upon this book a veritable shower of eulogy. Is this "Jud Süsz," which has come into English under the name of "Power," really so great? Is its author, Feuchtwanger, actually so deft a weaver of historic romance as to suggest Dumas and Scott?

No characteristic of "Power" projects more saliently than its indescribable difference. Neither in language nor in style has it a counterpart. It is gargantuan; yet it is minute. It is romance; yet its realism is at times almost photographic. Painted on a huge canvas it presents a swirling, gigantic, incredible cyclorama—a vastness almost infinite. Yet, despite this sweeping boundlessness one's attention is continually arrested by the author's startling and vivid minuteness.

Money, women, and soldiers are the dominant tones of Feuchtwanger's engulfing rhapsody. Interwoven into this trinity are Catholic cunning, Protestant duplicity, political chicanery, and court intrigue. Alluring though nauseating, startling yet depressing, Feuchtwanger's voluminous narrative is virtually a pageant of human bestiality in all its naked shamelessness. Here no love syrup soothes the reader; no sugary speeches about morals and ideals; no rewards for virtue and innocence. Instead, we see villainous treachery triumphant, lechery rampant and victorious, democracy degraded, and tyranny enthroned. And the motive for all this is *power*—that mysterious, enslaving force which binds the vast majority of humans to the whims of the pinnacled few.

Power and Süsz, the Jew, are synonymous. Urged by an unfailing instinct Süsz attaches himself to the petty princeling Karl Alexander. Fate thrusts Karl upon the ducal throne of Württemburg. Yet this sudden whim of destiny propels the Jew even farther than his master. Over the land he spins enterprises and intrigues. Through his fingers runs the Duchy's entire revenue. He trades in jewels, horses, slaves. He takes over the Mint and coins money. He paralyzes his rivals and drowns them in the sorrow of overwhelming defeat. Before the Duke, however, Süsz, is always servile—not because he fears Karl, nor because he loves him, but because it is to his advantage. The Duke may launch foul tirades against his Jew, he may perpetrate practical jokes, he may even steal from him the object of his animal passions, yet Süsz always submits obsequiously. But in the end the Duke pays; for he is never able to dissolve the mysterious bond to the man who had established the Duke's fortune. Only once does Karl go too far. When Alexander's carnality seeks the innocent and religious daughter of Süsz, Death rescues the helpless maiden. The overwhelmed Süsz says little. Seeking time as his accomplice and playing on the ducal vanity, the Jew weaves a snare so subtle and so certain that the ruler's end is inevitable. Once more the Jew is triumphant. But his victory is only brief. Still, even in defeat the Jew is mockingly victorious. Strung from the gallows his body is rescued by fellow Jews who secrete it across the border away from its yearning enemies.

What part of this stirring tale is actual history and what part is fiction is unimportant. As in all such stories the writer must unravel his narrative in the interest of his invention rather than for the benefit of historical truth. Guided by an unerring instinct the writer of historic romance must be able to strike a happy balance between truth and fable. This is what constitutes the success of Dumas and of Scott. Feuchtwanger is without this precious gift. Too much imponderable detail has deadened the pace of his pen. Inscrutable and irrelevant minuteness, it may be argued, have their proper place in literature. That place, however, is certainly not in such a rushing, swirling narrative torrent as "Power."

Yet, despite his academic tenacity Feuchtwanger has written a gripping tale. One's senses are stirred. One hears, sees, smells, and touches. One is in another world. The times are different. The eighteenth century is unfurled with all its happy glories and all its reeking stenches. The characters are vivid—so alive in fact that the reader perforce becomes a party to iniquity. One's marrow is seared by the torch of power.

The language and style of the book fit no adequate pattern. The original German is anything but typical. Nervous and staccato, it frequently defies grammatical analysis. In his choice of words Feuchtwanger is at times almost a Rabelais. The translators, Willa and Edwin Muir, have done an excellent piece of work. The juicy expressions of the original have for the most part been successfully transported into the English. One epithet only is conspicuously absent—the Duke's sonorous *"Kotz Donner!"* This omission, however, is quite pardonable. In one respect at least the English has an advantage over the German. By the maintenance of a French expression here and there and the entire elimination of the original German the Teutonic mimicry of French aristocracy is brought into very powerful focus.

On the whole "Power" is hardly as great as some of its admirers would have us believe. Nevertheless, its qualities are superior to the average. The fact that one reads this book with interest despite its detail and its intermittent *ennui* speaks well for the story as a whole. But when one remembers its salient incidents long after one has left them, then their compelling grip and depth become evident.

Mr. Swinnerton's Latest

SUMMER STORM. By FRANK SWINNERTON. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

THIS is not an important book. Mr. Swinnerton can write better tales than "Summer Storm;" he has already done so. If the reader desires to day-dream over characters not particularly interesting, involved in a love story particularly banal, here is a sufficiently workmanlike novel. If, on the other hand, the reader asks more from fiction than smoothly flowing, if rather tepid, entertainment, he is advised to turn elsewhere. Summer storms are soon over—and one may always remind oneself that Mr. Swinnerton is the author of "Nocturne."

Mr. Swinnerton likes to have in his novels two contrasted girls who are in love with the same man. It provides a situation at once. It is not a bad formula. But a tendency to rely on formulæ is never a reassuring trait in an artist. Something mechanical creeps in.

And "Summer Storm" is a very mechanical tempest indeed! It is not only much ado about nothing (as are most human affairs), it is much ado about nobody. The alleged hero of "Summer Storm" is a wraith, impalpable; one instant after the book is closed it is impossible even to recall his name. Whatever it was, he got himself somewhat tamely mixed up with a not thrillingly enigmatic siren of Bloomsbury—but Polly, the heroine, was the only woman he had ever really loved. Mr. Swinnerton ventriloquizes for him and makes him say so; and tells us, moreover, that this Invisible Man was past forty—which is incredible, since he is entirely discarnate; he simply does not exist.

Polly, however, exists. As a portrait of a little London typist, who happens to be an entirely normal, wholesome, flesh-and-blood girl, Polly is unquestionably a success. At the office, or among her suburban family in Gospel Oak, Polly moves with a convincingly healthy and solid tread. You see her and believe in her and wish her well, perhaps, though whether or not you much care for her will depend on a point of view. There is a good deal of nice plain nourishing wheaten-loaf in Polly. She will grow stout as she grows older. She will have at least six children (which is certainly no disgrace), and be a good mother to them (which is an excellent thing to be). But she will never have those delightful, well-cared-for children by the wraith! I, for one, refuse to believe she ever married whatever his name was. Biologically, I mean—how could she?

Mellow Comment

RIP VAN WINKLE GOES TO THE PLAY, and Other Essays on Plays and Players. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE C. D. ODELL
Author of the forthcoming "Annals of the New York Stage"

LOVERS of the theatre will find much to interest them in Professor Brander Matthews's "Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play." They will be thus rewarded because Professor Matthews himself is the great lover of the theatre—a man to whose taste and sympathy nothing relating to the drama, to the stage, to the art of acting, or to the profession of showmanship is alien or unintelligible. He has an uncanny gift of going straight to the heart of dramatic mysteries and returning with rich stores of suggestion and illustration for playgoers less sensitive and less observing than he.

The present volume is remarkable as the mature work of a writer whose enthusiasm increases with the passing years. Tired professional critics, plodding through unlovely evenings at worthless plays, might well be surprised to observe this very youthful "dean of American playgoers" still fresh, still zestful, still happy, after more than sixty years of attendance at the theatre. With him there is no mournful lament for a departed glory, which, as he himself might say, "never was."

Beginning again as ardent playgoer, after several years of enforced abstention, he can, as Rip Van Winkle, once more alert in an orchestra chair, believe that, of ten American plays seen by him in 1924, "taken by and large, they displayed a freshness of topic, a fertility of invention, an ingenuity of plotting, a neatness of construction, and an adroitness of craftsmanship, which would have been sought in vain in even the best of the native plays of half a century ago." And "taken together" they "were more adequately and more delicately acted than they would have been by the actors of my youth. . . . Our actors may have lost something of the largeness of style demanded by the older type of play, but they have made up for this by their conquest of simplicity of utterance, and by their subtler refinements in characterization." No wonder a younger generation has been surprised to hear this believer in the past thus simply and naturally proclaiming belief in the progress of an art he so deeply loves, and finding the best in the best of recent developments! Few have equalled him in carrying spring into a mellow, sunny autumn.

In one of the most thoughtful of the new essays, Professor Matthews once more declares his faith in the well-made play—not necessarily "well made" in the exact style of Pinero and Jones, but "well and truly made by an honest craftsman who is also a gifted artist." And every sensible spectator must agree. The vagueness of outline and the vague thinking in many recent pieces prove incontestably Professor Matthews's contention. The "well-made" formula will vary from generation to generation, but "slices of life" and other ill-ordered messes are likely to lie heavy on the digestions of a later day. The "well-made" play was always one of Professor Matthews's topics; he here once more asserts his confidence in it.

As a lover of the theatre, again, he gives of the riches of his memory. The essay on "Claptrap" could have been written by no man less copious in anecdote; some of the stories told will cause the reader to smile on many an occasion after the book is closed. And what man living today, except the Rip Van Winkle thus happily restored to the play, could have written so charmingly of those fine actresses of yester-year,—Ada Rehan, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, Mme. Modjeska, Mme. Duse, etc.? The very spirit of the theatre of the past breathes in these memories; no mere playgoer could have treasured them so long and have distilled their essence so informingly.

I regard the four essays just cited as among those most typical of the writer; but no student of the drama can fail to be attracted by "The Question of the Soliloquy," "Second-Hand Situations," "The

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Scene Is Laid," etc. On these and kindred subjects Professor Matthews writes with abounding vigor, and clearness of insight. This Rip Van Winkle may have been, metaphorically, asleep in body, but his mind was working all the time and overtime!

The new volume deals, it will be seen, with matter which has always made Professor Matthews's teaching influential and provocative of thought. No one needs to be told, at this late day, how much of the better opinion concerning the theatre and the drama during the last twenty-five years has been traceable to the utterance of this one instructor. It may truly be said that he has refined the taste and clarified the thinking of more than one generation of critics and playwrights. And he has done more—he has kept alive the tradition of fine prose. It is a delight, in a time of sensational writing, to come on a paragraph so admirable in lucidity and nice distinctions as this:

She (Modjeska) was a consummate artist, with absolute command of all her resources; yet she did not achieve the essential Englishry of Rosalind. She remained continental and not insular. As my friend H. C. Bunner put it aptly, "Modjeska's Rosalind would be perfect—if we could admit that Rosalind is a pretty French widow." It was exquisite; it had high breeding and playful wit; it had every excellence—but it was exotic; and perhaps it was a little too complicated, a little too lacking in the simplicity which is an undeniable quality of Shakespeare's English girl. At times Modjeska's art was perilously close to artificiality. I do not mean to imply that she was ever stagy or theatrical; she was too completely a mistress of her craft for any overstress of this sort; but she could not quite attain to that concealment of her art which is the ultimate perfection of craftsmanship. It was shrewdly said of Duse that "she sometimes overacted her underacting;" and it can be said of Modjeska that she never felt any temptation to underact. She gave good measure, pressed down, yet not running over.

How pleasing would it be to find criticism of that sort in our morning or our weekly or our monthly journal! The book may be recommended to all who desire in the theatre, not only to see and to hear, but also to understand. And, above all, it shows how an energizing interest in affairs of the stage may carry from youth to age with ever-increasing delight, and may be the richest and most pleasurable of all avocations.

Tales of a Learned Cat

SKAZKI. Tales and Legends of Old Russia. Told by Ida Zeitlin. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $5.

BEAUTIFUL folk-lore, beautifully told, is "Skazki," a collection of tales and legends of old Russia, by Ida Zeitlin, with bright peasant pictures by the Russian artist, Theodore Nadejen.

Passion for Russia breathes in every word of the author's exquisite prose. She is not a translator, but a loving interpreter, trying to render the spirit, the fire and the rhythm of a national soul. "Skazki," she explains, are that particular kind of wonder-tale sprung from the national folk-lore. For her opening, she has cleverly adapted into prose cadences Pushkin's rhymed prologue to his fantastic romance of "Ruslan and Lyudmila," of which a modified version appears in this collection. It is a word tapestry of fairy tales beloved by the Russians.

Lovers of that charming opera, "Le Coq d'Or," will find again the illustrious Czar Dadon, the ancient sorcerer, and his magic bird in "The Golden Cock," adapted from Pushkin's poem, as well as other of the wonder-tales told him by his old nurse. Some of the stories, as "The Sleeping Czarevna and the Seven Giants' would seem at superficial glance to parallel Grimm's, but actually, the gulf between the two peasant spirits is nowhere more evident than in these very similarities. There is a radiance, a delicacy, a wistful yearning after unattainable beauty in the Russian tales wholly absent from those quaint and realistic renderings of the Brothers Grimm. For this reason, "Skazki" is a book to be enjoyed by the older and more poetic child, rather than by the small person who dotes on "Red Riding Hood" or "The Three Bears," and especially by all adults who love beauty. Imagery, gay adventure, and rhythm mark the book for reading aloud, and fortunate will be the boys and girls to whom these tales of another land are so given by an appreciative adult.

It is interesting that the color drawings, though done by a Russian, cannot approach the English text in imagination, color, or subtlety. They are rather pleasing but lifeless decorations, in disappointing contrast to the author's work, wherein, to quote her own prologue, "the breath of Russia lies sweet, and sweet over all the place broods the soul of Russia."

The Bowling Green

Bookseller's Progress

IT WAS felt that authors and booksellers do not know enough of one another's anxieties. Incurably inquisitive about all phases of the Book Business (aiblins the most hilarious traffic ever devised by man) I joined up with a friend who is a publisher's salesman. I wanted to know more about the arts, sometimes black and sometimes merely a delicate crepuscule, by which books are sold. We went travelling together. We called on the Trade; or better still, as the brave lingo has it, we Visited With Some Big Accounts.

Our little escapade was unusual in several respects. We were not selling anything and we were not Taking Orders. That in itself was quaint enough. To see my friend S. M., trained all his life as an expert salesman, deliberately and honorably refraining from trying to vend anything, was to see a human spirit in a state of beautifully tensile austerity. But we had no purpose except to study the mind of the bookseller and find out what he is thinking about. And I myself, for reasons of my own, had special desire to get some notion of the personal relations between the bookseller and the Boys on the Road. So we prowled in stockrooms, learning what titles the store was "stuck" with, we lunched and dined with booksellers hearing their anecdotes (which I will not print) of Great Figures in the Trade, we spent evenings with the clerks of book departments in huge department stores, we hobnobbed with travellers from other houses and eased them to bed late at night. We sat up long hours in Pullman cars discussing the joyous humors of this merry industry. Even the publishers themselves, who bide at home in their offices, know little, I believe, of the varied intuitions and endurances necessary in their salesmen. It would not do to tell them. It will never do to tell the Inside Stuff in any department of life. Not because it is scandalous, but because it requires so generous and full an understanding of human nature.

So before any anatomizing of the bookseller's charms, which may come later, let me pay a small tribute to that unpublished figure in our amusing trade, the salesman himself. He is, to me, the very salt of this incorrigible earth. I have watched and admired him these thirteen years. Not even his difficult job has wholly robbed him of reverence for fine things. But he is wise, wise with something of the shrewd and cruel wisdom of Bacon or Montaigne. He knows that to go to the bookseller (except the very sparse few) with any talk of Literary Value, is disaster itself. Literature may be mentioned, late at night, when truth, like the boreal aurora, flickers marvellously in the sky; but only as between friends. During daylight both Salesman and Buyer are on guard against any such irrelevancies. Do you think the less of them for that? Not I. How often do clergymen, in their casual meetings with one another, talk about God? The happiest compliment paid us in our progress was in the voice of a famous Middle Western bookseller whom we called on to hale forth for symposium. Delightful fellow, alert and quick and keen, he looked at us with his witty brown eyes. There were four of us at the moment: three connected in one way or another with the book business, another a philosophical columnist whose air of charmed melancholy is a deceptive charcoal smudge over his clear ember of mirth. Our guest took one glimpse and turned to his assistant. "Judging by the looks of this gang," he said, "I guess I won't be back this afternoon.' He was right. He wasn't.

* * *

My friend S. M. (which stands for Sales Manager) is a delightful bird to travel with. If I were to tell you how fruitful, how humane, how educative in every sense were those ten days spent with him On the Road, you would think I exaggerated. There are few poets or novelists, crank and uneasy folk, with whom I should venture so prolonged and arduous an intimacy. The salesman is the man for me. His wide and curious experience of life, his genius for perceiving and relishing other people's quirks and humors, his experienced demeanor among hotel porters and ticket agents and the mysterious aristocrats called Bell Captains, these are an opening to the parochial mind. His exquisite care of his clothes, his wardrobe trunk, his well-trimmed hair, his burnished finger nails, his lotion after shaving, offer a mere author new vistas into the excitement of life. His endless humor, his patience, his punctuality of judgment, his charitable wisdom in those gossips late at night. . . .nor would it be unfair to say that the voyage was perhaps to him also fruitful in new experience. There is before me a much thumbed timetable of trains from Pittsburgh to Chicago. We found, on a wet autumn morning, that the only train we could catch was a local, made up mostly of baggage cars, with only two passenger coaches and no Pullmans at all. This was a shock to him. I have not yet been able to persuade any of his business associates that S. M. travelled with me fourteen hours in the daycoach smoker of a local train. Indeed, now that it is all over, he hardly believes it himself. But here is the little timetable, limp with handling where we pored over it, checked off the innumerable stoppings and the miles still to go. It was a happy day, too, and we weren't bored for a moment. The ham sandwich at Alliance, Ohio, the roast beef sandwich at Fort Wayne, Indiana, which were our sustenance that long journey, were a revelation to him of how authors travel. He has a digestion sensitive to psychic doings, and he tossed off a swig of milk of magnesia from time to time and looked auxiously at his Knox Twenty which was gathering dust on the rack. But we sat there, watching the lovely fulvous prairies of Ohio and Illinois, ticking off regardless towns on our chart. New Galilee, East Palestine, Maximo, Crestline, Bucyrus, Dola, Delphos, Middlepoint, Etna Green, Bourbon, Hamlet, Valparaiso—what subjects for discussion and surmise all these names roused. That forward starboard corner of the smoker became an old and familiar home.

But I mustn't dream of telling you the poetry of our journey. I will try to mutilate the narrative, rub down and trim. I shan't tell you of the times I woke him in middle darkness, to sit on the edge of his bed and expound some new aspect of the ineffable, and he was not even annoyed. He patiently consulted his watch, listened gravely with appropriate comments, took a little milk of magnesia, and said eventually "Well, Oldtimer, you'd better get some sleep."

* * * *

So we had, as O. Henry's deathless joke remarks, days of Damon and nights of Pythias. I am not a good sleeper on the road. New adventure agitates me too much; but he, more experienced, evaporates deep and serene. He does not snore, he has just a soft tranquil exhalation which I sometimes lay awake to ponder. There was even a symbolic virtue in that overheard calm breathing. It was the equable voice of the Book Trade, touched with the faint anguish of all mortality and yet reclining hopefully on the bosom of this jocund planet which bears us all, Bell Captains and bishops and book salesmen, with impartial unconcern. Yes, in that peaceful whisper, untouched by whatever merciless imaginings keep authors awake in strange hotels, I seemed to hear the good piety of the undaunted pilgrim. I heard the secret humorous conscience of the Boys on the Road, those gay and valiant children of our queer trade. Perhaps Joe Estabrook or McGhee (in Pittsburgh, these) didn't come through with the order hoped-for; and New York has been telegraphing that you Must Get Quantity. Never mind, tomorrow there'll be Marcella Hahner or Sid Avery or Kroch, to tackle in Chicago. Or Grace Thompson in Indianapolis or Walter McKee in Detroit, and all the others, shrewd buyers and amusing friends. And he knows, the experienced fowl, just how to tackle them. It is a joyous thing, a lusty human vibration, to see Buyer and Seller meet on their own ground of artistry, a happy pair who know one another well and whose interests, behind all the skill of manœuver, are really identical. What is that wise old French saying, so valid of all human relations—"Nothing equals the joy of the drinker, except the joy of the wine in being drunk." That is true of the Salesman and the Sold. I remember S. M. giving me a vivid little paradigm of how a certain buyer has to be encountered. "You have to be half gorilla and half Casanova," he said, "to handle that bird." He illustrated with gorgeously forcible anecdote. "That," he concluded, "is the way he *likes* to be sold."

Christopher Morley.

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Books of Special Interest

Endocrinology

THE INTERNAL SECRETION OF THE SEX GLANDS. By ALEXANDER LIPSCHUTZ. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins Co. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by LOUIS BERMAN, M. D.
Author of "The Personal Equation"

ONE of the curious phenomena of our time is the contemporary conflict of attitudes toward the science of endocrinology, the science which deals with the glands of internal secretion. On the one hand there are those who pose as the conservatives, who will tell you that nothing or almost nothing is known about the glands of internal secretions. On the other, there are the radicals, wrongly so called, who contend that the endocrine glands determine the roots of physiology and psychology. They believe that as much is known about the glands as about any other branch of medical science. Conflicts between these two groups of opinion have become bitter at times, first because of conscious or unconscious sexual emotions and associations involved in the discussion of some of the facts of one of the glands, and also because commercial exploitation of therapeutic possibilities has stimulated the capacity for fictions of the advertising man.

This book of Professor Lipschutz, five hundred pages dealing with facts bearing upon the sex glands and their functions, illustrates what an enormous amount of work has been done and is being done in the field of the internal secretions. For some ten thousand publications in this field are in existence in French, German, Italian, Russian, and Japanese as well as English and American. To dismiss the subject by asking superciliously "What do we know about the glands?" is manifestly nothing but ignorance and indolence until the data presented in these publications are given fair consideration. It would transform some skeptical listed in the index.

Facts in the field have indeed accumulated so rapidly that though the first edition of this book appeared in 1919 the author who wished simply to bring out a translation, found it necessary to rewrite it. Its wealth of data and the far reaching character of its generalizations and realizations furnish an unanswerable answer to those who prattle of the infantile state of endocrinology.

It is the fundamental thesis of the book that among the vertebrates the sex glands elaborate specific substances that influence the body and mind in a sex specific manner. Two sets of problems, those of sex determination and those of sex differentiation are considered. The chemistry of sex is elucidated by an analysis of the two sexes and of the interstitial secretions in relation to the secondary sex characters. There is a review of the effects of removal of the sex glands, the constitution and activity of their internal secretions as well as their isolation and the manner and method and situation of their production. It is concluded that the interstitial cells are the cells in the sex glands whose peculiar function it is to produce those chemicals which are responsible for the effect of the sex glands. There is not a phase of sex problems in relation to sex chemistry which does not receive some measure of attention.

The quantitative character of sex, which is now beginning to be generally recognized among biologists, receives the attention it deserves. However, Lipschutz stresses the dominance of the sex glands in the quantitative expression of sex too greatly. I do not believe that an adequate statement of the quantitative character of sex is possible in terms of the concentration of sex hormones alone. The mere fact that there are cases on record of apparently masculine individuals who possessed a complete female internal reproductive apparatus (ovaries, tubes, and uterus) who had no male reproductive glands, but who had adrenal glands five or six times the size of the average, emphasized the necessity for the inclusion in any formula of sex of the concentration of the other hormones. I believe that it will ultimately be established that each of the endocrine glands makes its contribution to the quantitative sex formula.

Professor Lipschutz faces but does not solve the problems involved in the reconciliation of the conflicting modern conceptions of sex. For one set of biologists there is the quantitative endocrine conception of sex, which explains the occurrence of the great variety and diversity of sex differentiation, also the existence of a series of sexually undifferentiated or partially differentiated individuals. And for another set of biologists there is the qualitative extra chromosome conception which makes sex a matter of straightforward yea or nay in the germ plasm. To the writer of this review, the existence of the problem depends upon ignoring the fact that the fertilized ovum has a complex chemical history throughout its development. It may begin sex-determined in one direction depending upon the quality and intensity of the sex chromosome action. Thereafter various chemical and physical agencies, reflected in the mammal in the blood chemistry of the mother, may cause shifts and deviations in that direction. To put it in another way, the chemical history of the individual determines the shift from genotypic to phenotypic sex. The effects of the various physical and chemical agencies causing underdevelopment or overdevelopment of the various glands of internal secretion are the most significant in the determination of the quantitative variations of sex.

A consideration of the theory and practice of rejuvenation is included. The work of Voronoff, Steinach, Harms, Sand, Wilhelm, Romeis, and a number of others are reviewed. The pictures of Wilhelm's experiments with a dog eighteen years old are quite striking as illustrating the remarkable changes that can be produced. The problem of rejuvenation is undoubtedly a sub-problem of the problem of regeneration. Lipschutz concludes: "the experiments on animals with transplantation and ligature of the vasa deferentia leave no doubt that symptoms of senility may be checked to a certain degree, and regeneration may take place under the influence of sex hormones, the effects lasting for some time."

Social Theories

SOCIAL THEORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES, 1200-1500. By BEDE JARRETT. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1926. $4

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS
Harvard University

ONE who is set the task of writing on the social theories of the Middle Ages suffers inevitably from the nature of his subject. Lacking the social problem in its modern form, the Middle Ages did little theorizing that can properly be called social, so that the modern writer oscillates between social history on the one hand and political and ethical theory on the other. Father Jarrett also suffers from the delimitation of his period between 1200 and 1500, for he thus leaves out the rich life of the twelfth century and runs over at the other end into the Renaissance, as in the long extracts on education from the humanist, Mafeo Vegio, who felt equal to writing a thirteenth book for the "Æneid."

What Father Jarrett gives us is a pleasantly written sketch of such topics as law, education, women, slavery, property, and usury, war, and the unity of Christendom, with many excerpts from contemporary authors. He draws most freely upon that supreme mediæval philosopher, St. Thomas Aquinas, with much also from another Dominican, the preacher Humbert de Romans. The tone throughout is urbane and without extreme partisanship, though the author evidently does not like John Wyclif, and he has nothing on the social theories of the Jews and the heretical sects. He takes rather too seriously certain passages concerning popular consent to legislation in the early Middle Ages, but his judgment of Magna Charta, curiously enough under "Slavery," is distinctly modern, viewing it as a charter of liberties rather than of liberty which owes much of its importance to later misinterpretations:

> The charter was greater than the men who framed it had intended it to be. They were looking for remedies and they found principles. Chiefly a manifesto of the baronial claims and a determination to destroy what irritated them, it was subsequently discovered to imply those vague aspirations moving through the minds of contemporary thinkers, whence eventually were to be unfolded the notions of nationality, of patriotism, of equality before the law, and of the rights of men as men, that destroyed in the end the feudalism of the baronage.

The scholarship of the volume is uneven, and some of the errors of detail show haste. Thus it was not "the laws of King Henry," but his coronation charter which was brought forth in the discussion of 1215. Huguitio is the name of a writer, not of a book. The dates regarding the universities of Bologna and Paris on page 46 are incorrect and misleading; indeed there is much to criticize in this chapter on education.

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SEX FREEDOM AND SOCIAL CONTROL

By CHARLES W. MARGOLD

Promiscuity, trial marriage, birth control, easy divorce, and kindred themes bring forth much irrational discussion. Here, however, is a reasoned as well as a candid survey of the sociological basis for both radical and conservative views.

Mr. Margold criticizes the individualistic presuppositions and the general biological and physiological point of view which Havelock Ellis and other radical writers on sex freedom have maintained to the exclusion of sociological considerations, and successfully proves that throughout the world there is always some social influence which does affect the individual's conduct and which necessarily limits his freedom.

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The author of these "gay and charming conversations," says the *London Times*, "has admirable taste, and he writes with facility and charm. There can be very few facts about the history and technique of book and print production unknown to him. The book is more in the nature of a book of gossip about prints than a work of connoisseurship — he disclaims connoisseurship. But he has produced an ideal bedside book for the print collector." "This book," says the *Saturday Review*, "has the freshness and sprightly movement which makes it appealing, readable, entertaining." $5.00.

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Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro
By Newbell Niles Puckett

An intensely human book of Negro folklore and superstition, hoodoo and conjure, magic and religion, signs and wonders. A peek behind the curtain upon little-known manifestations of the well-nigh inscrutable Negro soul. The book is written in a scholarly and scientific manner and yet with rare sympathy and understanding. Mr. Puckett writes from years of close association with the Negro. For a time he even set up as a hoodoo-doctor with great success. "Should some weird, archaic, Negro doctrine be brought to the average white man's attention, he almost invariably considers it a relic of African heathenism, though in four cases out of five it is a European dogma from which only centuries of patient education could wean even his own ancestors."—From the *Preface*. (Cloth, 644 pages, postpaid $5.00)

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Foreign Literature

Marcel Proust

ESSAI SUR MARCEL PROUST. By GEORGES GABÔRY. Paris: "Le Livre." 1926.

ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU ET MARCEL PROUST. By E. DE CLERMONT-TONNERRE. Paris: Flammarion. 1926.

LA MUSIQUE ET L'IMMORTALITÉ DANS L'ŒUVRE DE MARCEL PROUST. By BENOIST-MECHIN. Paris: Kra. 1926.

MARCEL PROUST À DIX-SEPT ANS. By ROBERT DREYFUS. Paris: Kra. 1926.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY, JR.

THE French public, even more than ours, is given to hero-worship, and particularly to posthumous hero-worship. Under the circumstances it was fairly obvious that after the death of so important and so mysterious a figure as Marcel Proust a deluge of memorial literature would ensue. The most surprising thing is that no authoritative account of his life, outside that included in Léon Pierre-Quinn's "Marcel Proust: Sa Vie et Son Œuvre" has yet appeared. That excellent but somewhat uninspired study by no means exhausts the subject, and amateurs of Proust are forced to piece together a complete version of his career from the many fragmentary memoirs which his friends and critics have already given to the world. The four volumes listed above are among the latest and most notable of these remains.

Gabory's "Essai" is the most ambitious. The author is a psychologist of experience and a literary disciple of André Gide. His views and observations from the mountain that is Proust's work are often very much to the point, but he completely lacks the power of selection and arrangement, and as a result has produced a book containing many good things which is nevertheless unsuccessful as a whole. He has set down his notes with an annoying inconsistency, abandoning a subject just as the expected revelation is to be made. Actually one gets less from his haphazard discussion than from the far more limited, but better organized, reminiscences of Mme. de Clermont-Tonnerre.

The influence of Robert de Montesquiou upon the younger Proust was undoubtedly great. Mme. de Clermont-Tonnerre knew both men well, and estimates their relationship accurately. Her book is worth reading on its own account, and the pictures of these two legendary figures, one doomed to fame in his youth and oblivion thereafter, the other to obscurity until just before he died, are charmingly free from sycophancy. Robert Dreyfus's book is slight and contributes nothing new to the story of Proust's school days, but it includes a few unpublished letters from the creator of Albertine, which are both amusing and characteristic.

The formidable title of M. Benoist-Méchin's work merely indicates the not uninteresting plan of collating all Proust's references to music, and his discussions of religious matters. The man who found in a single phrase of Vinteuil's Sonata the elements of two tragedies gave an important part in his work to music, and a less definite one to speculations about immortality. The clarifying effect of this collection is unfortunately dissipated by the intrusion of M. Benoist-Méchin's own theology, into which he has fitted a few of Proust's remarks. The result has nothing to do with the subject, and is, to put it mildly, not much in itself.

Two more studies are announced, as well as an edition of Proust's correspondence, selected by Camille Vettard. Nevertheless the final volumes of his work, "Le Temps Retrouvé," have not yet appeared, and until they do, any final analysis of the entire novel is impossible.

The leading documents for the economic, constitutional, and cultural history of England from 1066 to 1500 are collected for the first time in a single volume, entitled "Documents Illustrating the History of Civilization in Medieval England," selected by R. Trevor Davies, vice principal of Culham College, and just published by Methuen of London. Each translation is accompanied by an introduction and notes, passages of special importance being printed in the original at the foot of the page.

On the Air

DIGESTS of the following ten articles, chosen by a council of librarians as the outstanding periodical discussions of November magazines, were recently broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review of Literature* by Station WOR.

LIQUOR AND THE SCHOOLS

Alfred E. Stearns in *Harper's Magazine*

The distinguished principal of Phillips Andover Academy answers a question constantly asked: Is there more or less drinking in the schools than there used to be? His unequivocal answer will surprise many readers.

THE REVOLUTION ON QUALITY STREET

Leon Whipple in *Survey Graphic*

For many years "The American tradition" was carried on by the four 35c magazines. Then something happened. These magaines plus two others underwent a revolution which is changing the intellectual scenery of our day. Mr. Whipple discusses this magazine revolution.

EQUALITY OF WOMAN WITH MAN: A MYTH

John Macy in *Harper's Magazine*

The feminists base their campaign largely on the supposition that woman is man's equal. But is she? The author of "The Story of the World's Literature" brings forward evidence to show that she is not only physically but mentally inferior.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Katherine Fullerton Gerould in *Harper's Magazine*

What is a gentleman? There are innumerable definitions, but to almost everybody the word connotes fine and desirable qualities. How different nowadays with the word lady: Mrs. Gerould bases her study of contemporary manners on this curious difference.

JIMMY WALKER

Henry F. Pringle in *American Mercury*

Jimmy Walker, the executive head of the government of New York City, is a mayor of a unique type. He is neither scholar nor plugger but he does possess a most engaging personality as this character sketch discloses.

THE SEA IS CALLING

Earl Christian Jensen in *Atlantic Monthly*

This is the second instalment of Mr. Jensen's "Saga of Today." The first instalment was very warmly received by literary critics throughout the land who regard Mr. Jensen as a real literary "find."

SOCIALISM DEFENDED

Bernard Shaw in *Forum*

Shaw is still a socialist and reveres Marx as his master. On his seventieth birthday, the *Forum* asked the dramatist eleven pointed questions about socialism, to which he replies with a biting Shavian raxor edge. edge.

THE DISAPPEARING PERSONAL TOUCH IN COLLEGES

Clarence C. Little in *Scribner's*

Under this title the President of the University of Michigan discusses four major problems of college activities today. His article is equally interesting to parents, students, university faculties, and executives because of its timeliness and authoritative treatment.

THE AMERICAN PRESS

Charles Merz in *Century*

The summary of changes made in the press in a quarter-century discloses that now the press is more centrally controlled, more informative, more machine made, more necessary, and more powerful than ever.

LET'S LOOK AT THE HOME

Vera L. Connolly in *Good Housekeeping*

A survey of the causes of the stampede of youth indicates that lack of parental control stands first. Parents must adjust themselves to the new age, the author contends, and become pals of youth.

An unfinished Surtees novel, "Young Tom Hall," hitherto unpublished in book form, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons for publication this month. Fifty chapters of this novel were published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, but owing to a disagreement between the author and the editor the book was never finished.

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The New York Herald-Tribune "Books":

" 'The Sun Also Rises' makes it possible for me to say of him, with entire conviction, that he is in many respects the most exciting of contemporary American writers of fiction. . . . If there is better dialogue being written today, I do not know where to find it." (*Review signed by Conrad Aiken*)

The Boston Transcript:

"A poignant and aching beauty. The love affair between Brett and Jake has a sordid and futile loveliness, unlike that in any recent novel unless it be the love affair of Leora and Arrowsmith in Sinclair Lewis's novel. Mr. Hemingway has wrought a beautiful and searching novel. If this review has erred on the side of too great praise, it is only because the book has called it forth." (*Review signed by K. J.* W.)

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An edition of seven poems by Phineas Fletcher from a recently discovered MS., with a biographical and critical introduction. The proof of the authorship of "Venus and Anchises," known as "Brittain's Ida" and attributed to Edmund Spenser, is of greatest interest. Price $3.50.

The Beginnings of English Literary Periodicals. *By Walter Graham.*

Of unusual interest and delightfully written is this account of the development of the English literary periodical from 1665-1715. Its contents are on "The Learned Periodical," "The Periodical of Amusement," "Some Critics and Reformers," "The Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian." Price $2.50.

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The Empire at War. Volume V. The War in the Mediterranean Area, India, Malaya, and China. *Edited for the Royal Colonial Institute by Sir Charles Lucas.*

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Points of View

An Objection

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review.*

SIR:

I have been, I think, a subscriber to *The Saturday Review* since its inception, and I expect to keep on "taking it in," as the English say; but there is one thing about it that I dislike exceedingly—namely, the smart titles: those horrid things that in newspapers we call "headlines." To me, they seem undignified (and I'm not strong on dignity) and misleading.

Every time I see the phrase, "A Balanced Ration," I want to vomit; and I don't like "Counter Attractions." An excellent article on Edgar Allan Poe has the vulgar heading, "A Close-Up on Poe." I am interested in Poe, I read the article with pleasure and profit, but I dodged it for several days on account of the heading. An excellent, thoughtful paper in the first column of your issue of October 9th has the misleading title, "A High Brow Editorial:" it is not "highbrow," it is merely a wise and somewhat sad admission that we are not going forward, but backward.

A slogan can be overlooked. A coal merchant of great wealth in Philadelphia advertised "Newton's Coal Answers the Burning Question" (no relation of mine, by the way): it was smart at first, then tiresome, now silly—like "A Balanced Ration." We are no longer told "You Push the Button. We Do the Rest."

And your criticisms are generally excellent, as is the format of your Review. It is clear, well printed on good paper: in fine, it is a pleasure to turn its pages but for your blatant headlines. "I get you" in "The Mud Opera," but I don't like it.

Kit Morley is a law unto himself; I'd let his "Green" stand and suppress all the "smart elick" business.

If I didn't wish you well I would not bother to write you this letter, and I shall not be in the least offended if you consign it to the waste-paper basket and continue to play tricks with type to amuse your readers; most of them may like it: it's a question of taste. "De gustibus"—you know.

A. EDWARD NEWTON.

Philadelphia

Perplexity

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Am I the author of the line:

Ah, to love so, be so loved.

If not, who wrote the line? At one time I took much from Fra Elbertus. One editor (Waldo Pondiay Warren), rejected my good stuff on the ground that it was too much like Hubbard. I filched from Hubbard because I believed Hubbard had written it. Thousands of others did the same. If I had know that Harry Persons Taber had written it, I should never have used a line.

It's getting to be so that one dreads becoming famous, and then dying. Why, if one is dead long enough, some loyal rotarian or publicist may assert that one never lived at all, that one was and is a myth.

There should be one last source to whom one could go to ascertain whether one wrote this, that, t'other thing, or who did. That would make unnecessary such ante-deadbed confessions as this.

STEPHEN D. B. HYLLEBOURNE.

Chicago, Ill.

On Reviewing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I read with interest the announcement of your new staff of reviewers, and your revised plans for handling the book review problems. May I take the liberty of calling your attention to one problem that seems to be universally overlooked by book review editors; or perhaps is not overlooked but simply not solved, since I have twice been a review editor myself, without meeting it altogether satisfactorily.

I have reference to certain types of books that usually require the judgment of at least two persons to give a sound, critical estimate. For example, there is the historical novel. Properly enough, such a book is reviewed by a good critic of fiction, but it is also of interest to every intelligent reader, and of very particular interest to a limited number, to know whether the novel is reasonably sound historically. Again, children's books in fields of history, civics, and anthropology, are almost always inadequately reviewed, for the reason that they are assigned to persons who may have good judgment about adaptability to children and generally literary quality, but are without any adequate equipment for criticizing the general reliability and scholarly soundness of the books. Of course, it will usually be possible to find a few critics who are competent to pass a really sound judgment on a historical novel in terms both of literature and history, just as there are a few who can judge of children's books from the two points of view mentioned. The number of such persons is extremely limited, however, and in many cases they are not available as reviewers. I draw the problem to your attention, however, with the remark that if you can solve it, there will be many to rise up and call you blessed.

J. MOMTGOMERY GAMBRILL.

Teachers College.

First Editions

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

It seems to me that all lovers of good books desire, in purchasing late offerings, to obtain first editions. It is very often impossible to be sure that such an edition has been secured even though the book is picked up at its first appearance. This is due to the fact that, in many cases, the publisher fails to mark the volume in any definite manner.

I have in mind a particular case in which a friend of mine had a treasured copy of "Jurgen," which was purchased before its suppression, and which he proudly exhibited as a "first." Recently, when the book was examined by a learned bibliophile, he was painfully shocked to hear, "This is not a first edition. It must be a second printing. The first edition was not printed on thick paper like this." Personally, I have made several mistakes in "firsts," but none as painful as this experience.

Some houses as, for instance, Doubleday, Page & Co., and Harper & Bros., generally mark their first editions plainly as such. Others do so occasionally or mark their second and later printings for the information of the purchaser. Still others are chary of giving any information, and only an expert can give his verdict after a thorough autopsy. The average reader has neither the material nor the time necessary to gain such knowledge.

Would it not be better if all publishers marked their first edition, *"First Edition,"* for the benefit of the purchaser who desires that information? Must the purchaser be left as much in doubt in this matter as was Panurge in regard to his nuptial prospects?

The publishers' interests and the reader's are closely interlocked, and it certainly is to the reader's interest to have first editions so marked. A standardization of the marking of editions, by giving the reader knowledge of what he is buying, should necessarily react in the favor of the publishers themselves.

C. A. PAIGE.

Another View

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I would like, if you will let me, to raise my voice in protest against a contributor to a recent number of the *Review* who, writing of Miss Frances Fletcher's recent collection of verse, waves it aside as entirely unworthy of any kind of publication or comment.

I do this only because I am convinced that Miss Fletcher is among the few people in this country who write English verse in a creative vein, and because in the particular collection which inspires your contributor's contempt there are three or four verses that must be among the most beautiful in contemporary American poetry. For instance:

Fly down, O years,
Like swans upon me:
And with your bills,
Receptive reeds,
Drain all this
Joy and pain
From my heart.

If this is the sort of verse which young ladies write into their albums, as suggested by your contributor, than I expect that we will have to look to a collection of greeting cards for our new poetry, and that the next undertaker I see will be wearing a green hat.

New York.

SAMUEL ROTH.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

FIFTY FAMOUS PAINTERS. By HENRIETTE SERWIG. Crowell. 1926. $3.50 net.

Among the chosen fifty are Murillo, Rosa Bonheur, Benjamin West, Millais, Sargent. But among the absent are Giovanni Bellini, El Greco, Poussin, Vermeer, Renoir. Those who care deeply for painting will be sufficiently warned. Whoever is eager for anecdote, however, will find the tradition of Vasari and Van Mander not dishonored. He will read again the sad story of Andrea del Sarto, and his shrewish spouse, and of how Landseer's favorite dog died on him. The intention of the book, if uncritical, is unpretentious; the style lucid, agreeable, but without distinction. The selection of illustrations is conventional, with few exceptions, notably an interesting Holman Hunt. The half-tones are mediocre, the dozen color-plates very bad—so bad that they transform an otherwise innocuous volume into one insufferable to the experienced eye and perversive to the innocent.

TRAINING IN COMMERCIAL ART. By *Verney L. Dinoers.* Pitman. $5.

ART STUDIES. Edited by Members of the Departments of the Fine Arts at Harvard and Princeton Universities. Harvard University Press. $7.50.

PAINTINGS BY JOHN TRUMBULL AT YALE UNIVERSITY. By *John Hill Morgan.* Yale University Press.

Belles Lettres

AVOWALS. By GEORGE MOORE. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

For many years it has been the habit of George Moore to spread delight and confusion among bibliophiles by revising, rewriting, and reissuing his old books. It is less than a decade since "Avowals" was first hailed as an important contribution to modern criticism, but already a new edition appears. According to the publisher, "the author has made corrections and additions so that this will remain the standard text." Actually, nothing of the sort has occurred. Originally an elaborate, beautiful, and expensive rarity from the Cuala Press, it is now available for popular consumption, but, save the omission of Chapter XIII, the contents of the two volumes are identical. This chapter, a lecture in French comparing Balzac and Shakespeare, has been reprinted separately by Messrs. Boni & Liveright as one of the "Conversations in Ebury Street." Perhaps its absence damages the continuity, never too strong, of "Avowals," but the change does not, of course, create a new book, as did Mr. Moore's complete reconstruction of "Memoirs of My Dead Life," and "Lewis Seymour," for example.

This bold claim aside, there is ample refreshment for anyone in the ease of his gently narrative criticism. The guileful simplicity of Moore's arguments with Edmund Gosse, the summaries of Kipling, Tolstoy, Turgeniev, and Henry James have lost no part of their attraction. It is not difficult to appreciate his methods, however little one agrees with his conclusions. With a subtle technical perfection learned from Pater and the Frenchmen who were his friends, he never attacks directly. Stealing upon his enemy from behind, making a devious approach, he smites him in the rear with the most amiable manner in the world. And even when the butt is so worn and pitiable an object as the English Novel, the blow is more than usually telling. Like Mr. Gosse, we are persuaded to believe that English genius has gone only into poetry, or for that matter, that the author of "Heloise and Abelard" believes it himself. The plan of attack is insidious; it may not be quite fair, but who could quibble about so dubious a thing as writer's morality amid such prose?

That there is more in "Avowals" than surprising opinions and pleasant reading may not be immediately evident, so fine is George Moore's sense of rhythm, so smooth the varnish of perfect craft upon his work. But there are unsuspected depths, "volcanos under snows," beneath the surface of this studiedly unstudied book; there is much that is enlightening, and many well considered judgments based on the varieties of a great literary experience.

READ AMERICA FIRST. By ROBERT LITTELL. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

Mr. Littell is an editor of *The New Republic;* he also has a sense of humor. Faced by the doubtless grave responsibilities of his position and the yet more grave economic and political problems of his colleagues, he has continued, surprisingly perhaps, to be thoroughly readable on all subjects. The collection of bits, pieces, criticisms, and oddments which he has disinterred from his magazine and put together under the dubious title, "Read America First," are almost all very good indeed. Many of them are considerably more than that. The worst are excellent reviews.

The not wholly imaginary dialogues between salesmen, motorists, publishers, first-nighters, and other unfortunate inhabitants of this land are his most distinctive contribution. These curious creatures, under Mr. Littell's trained observation, become so many ably dissected museum specimens. Their talk has been overheard and reproduced in the most natural and perfect way imaginable. If any publisher dares to raise his voice in public, after reading "Indiana Love," he will prove himself a brave man. Beware, O Boosters, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Actors, Senators, Boy Scouts, and Bipedologists of America, for Mr. Littell is among you taking notes!

It is always hard to say how a writer has caught the actual feeling of contemporary existence, but in this case it is unnecessary, for one reads, and knows instantly that these absurdities are correctly reported, and this high praise bestowed for sufficient reasons. The most unlikely subjects are insufficient to make Mr. Littell tedious; the major part of their expressible quality somehow emerges at once. Everything that he writes about anything is free from attitudes and prejudices, and is dictated by the circumstances inherent in the separate aspect of the American scene under inspection. The balance between excessive tolerance and the popular tendency to dynamite mosquitos is nicely struck. Considered purely as journalism (if that be possible in the case of such admirable prose), the impressions of Conrad and Lloyd George are well done jobs, giving us both the news value and the significance of each man. Mr. Littell's skill and individuality are great. He and his book deserve much.

INSECTS AND GREEK POETRY. By *Lafacdio Hearn. Rudgè.*

CAXTON. By *Nellie Slayton Aurner.* Houghton Mifflin. $6.

BOYS THEN AND NOW. By *William Allen White.* Macmillan. $1.25.

PREJUDICES. Fifth Series. By *H. L. Mencken.* Knopf. $2.50.

LECTURES ON GREEK POETRY. By *J. W. Mackail.* Longmans. $3.75.

LOOKING FORWARD AND OTHERS. By *Booth Tarkington.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE MIND OF ROME. Edited by *Cyril Bailey.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Biography

VISIONS AND JEWELS. By MOYSHEH OVYED. Holt. 1926. $2.

"Visions and Jewels" is written by a man who has the right to speak authoritatively on both, for Moysheh Ovyed is a collector of vari-colored jewels and dreamer of vari-colored dreams. Mr. Ovyed was born in Russia, and early emigrated to London. Poverty and loneliness in a strange land, working on the sensitive nature of this man, have left their intricate impressions, have moulded his thought and his expression, but have left no bitterness. They have led rather to an aloofness paradoxically mingled with sympathetic insight which permit in this autobiography—really a group of quite separately and exquisitely turned essays—an utter frankness without the unbearable familiarity which self-revelation is so prone to bring out in the human species. The author tells inimitable little tales of

(*Continued on next page*)

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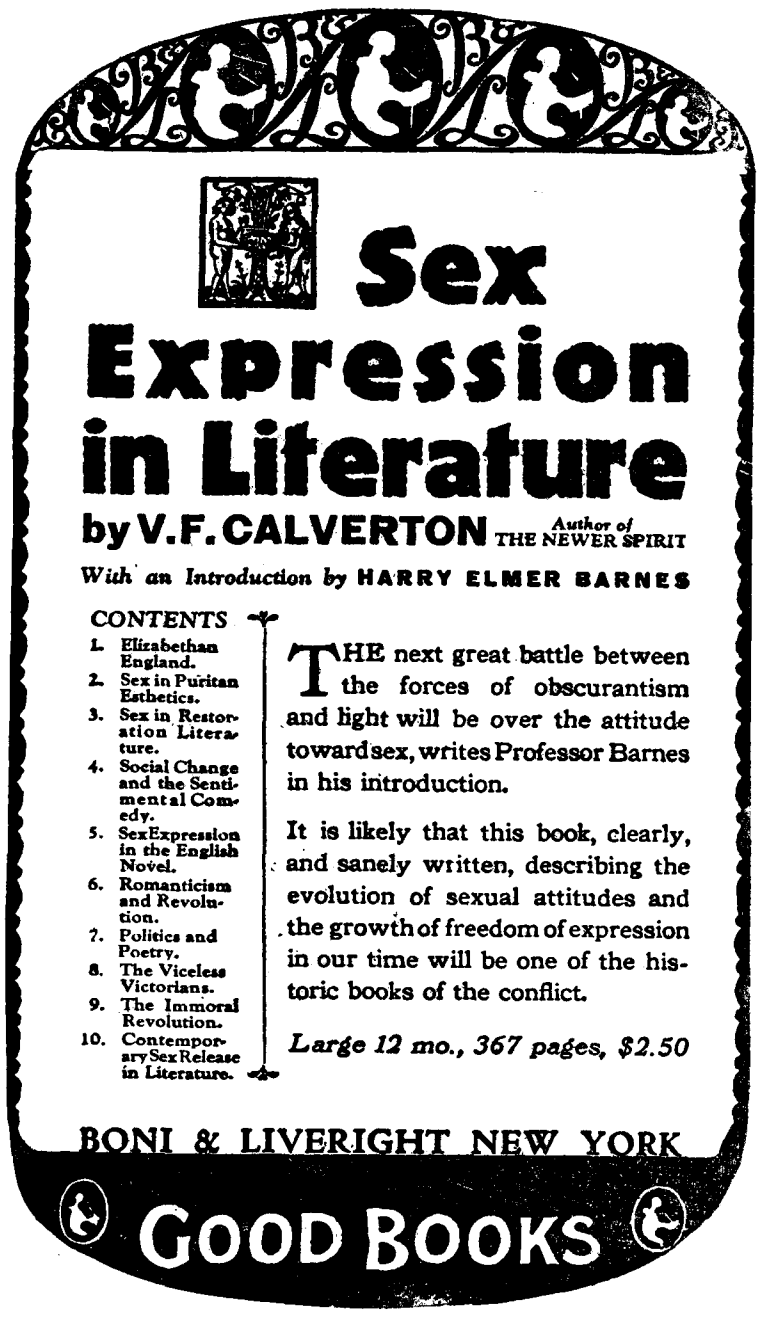
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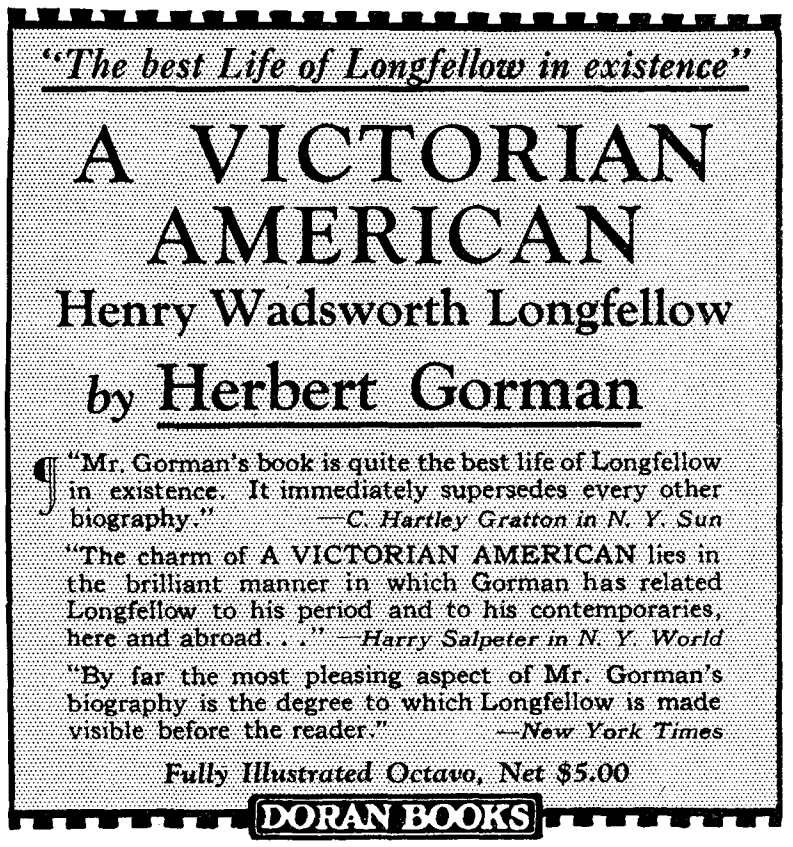
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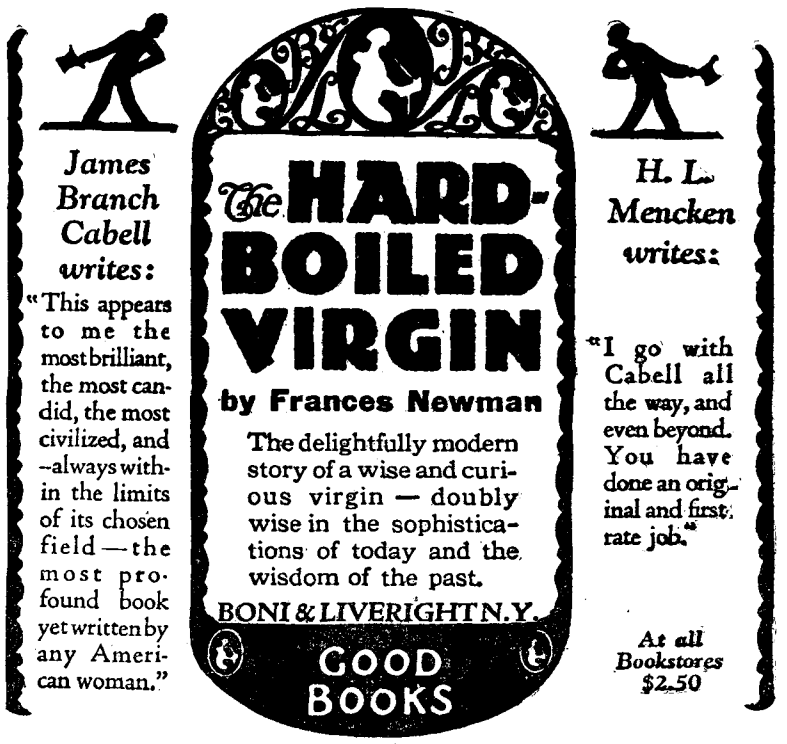
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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

friends, Sokolov, Sholom Asch, Max Nordau, Ernest Rhys, Louis Golding, as, one comes to believe, only the Slav can tell them. There are stories, too, of unnamed people who come into "Cameo Corner" to look at and drape themselves in strings of cornelians, and to talk a few moments with the author-proprietor before vanishing again into the unknown. And all this is accomplished in so gentle a style that it deceives one as to its consummate art. It is doubtful if the little volume, flower enclosed, with its frontispiece by Jacob Epstein, will appeal to the many, but it will bring a very real joy to the few, and that, one guesses, is exactly what the author would most desire.

THE WHITE DEVIL'S MATE. By Lewis Stanton Palen. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.50.

One of the White officers, who seems to have cut quite a dash in the operations against the Bolsheviks in the Black Sea region, wore a Caucasian uniform which included a big white fur cap. This cap, and his reputation for fearlessness and relentlessness, won him the nickname among the Reds, of the "White Devil of the Black Sea"—at any rate, so we were told, when his story, written by Mr. Lewis Stanton Palen, was published under that title a year or two ago.

Now Mr. Stanton, again acting as amenuensis, offers "The White Devil's Mate"—i. e., the same adventures, or some of them, seen from the point of view of the White officer's wife. Both persons are said to be real people, and according to their collaborator, have now found foothold for themselves in France, the husband as a carpenter, the wife as seamstress, and are there building up a home.

With the exception of a few bits of rather obvious Baedekerizing the book—written in the first person—sounds like an authentic record of actual experience. These experiences, melodramatic as they often are, were more or less the common lot in Russia and on the edges of it during the early days of the Revolution, and the various White counter attacks. The novelty of this record, in so far as it does not merely echo other refugee stories, is that the wife accompanied her husband through most of his adventures, and if not actually a part of them, at any rate saw them from the point of view of that member of the family who had to listen to the shooting in the distance while she stayed at home with the baby and got her husband's supper. A touch of reality is given every now and then by her frank dismay at her husband's bloodthirstiness, a common enough madness in the Russia of those days, and her woman's comment that "Serge has become quite impossible."

Various cities of Southern Russia, the Crimea, Caucasus, and Constantinople, come into the story. The White officer's wife appears to be a woman of pluck, resourcefulness, and humor. If no very illuminating or significant comment emerges from this long string of adventures, it is something, at any rate, in such a diary, to tell what happened, and tell it simply.

Valentino As I Knew Him. By *S. George Ullman*. New York: Macy-Masius.

Edgar Allan Poe—the Man. By *Mary E. Phillips*. Winston. 2 vols. $10 net.

Adventures and Confessions. By *William Lyon Phelps*. Scribners. $2.

Monteverdi, His Life and Work. By *Henry Prunières*. Translated by Marie D. Machie. Dutton. $4.

My Own Story. By *Fremont D. Older*. Macmillan. $2.50.

H. R. H. By *F. E. Verney*. Doran. $2.50 net.

The Life of Captain Alonso de Contreras. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf.

Crashing Thunder. Edited by *Paul Radin*. Appleton. $2.50.

Hayden. By *Michel Brenet*. Oxford University Press. $2.

A Bibliography of Sir Adolphus William Ward. By *A. T. Bartholomew*. With a Memoir by T. F. Tout. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

Rambles with Anatole France. Lippincott. $5.

The Heretic's Defense. By *Henry Preserved Smith*. Scribners. $1.50.

A Talk with Joseph Conrad. By *R. L. Mégroz*. London: Elkin Mathews.

A Great Niece's Journals. Extracts from the Journals of Fanny Anne Burney. Edited by Margaret S. Rolt. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

A Wiltshire Parson and His Friends. Edited by *Garland Greever*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

Guy de Maupassant. By *Ernest Boyd* Knopf. $4 net.

Amy Lowell. By *Clement Wood*. Vinal. $2.50.

Thiers and the French Monarchy. By *John M. S. Allison*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Soldiers and Statesmen. By *Sir William Robertson*. Scribners. 2 vols.

Up Stream. By *Ludwig Lewisohn*. Modern Library.

Drama

Saturday Night. By *Jacinto Benavente*. Scribners. $1.

Juarez and Maxmiilian. By *Franz Werfel*. Simon & Schuster.

The Best Plays of 1925-1926. By *Burns Mantle*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

New Plays for Mummers. By *Glenn Hughes*. Seattle: University of Washington Bookstore.

European Dramatists. By *Archbald Henderson*. Appleton. $3.50.

Economics

The Evolution of Modern Capitalism. By *John A. Hobson*. Scribners.

Tax-Exempt Securities and the Surtax. By *Charles O. Hardy*. Macmillan. $2.

World Migration and Labor. By *John W. Brown*. Amsterdam.

Education

New Schools for Older Students. By *Nathaniel Peffer*. Macmillan. $2.50.

Liberalism and American Education. By *Allen Oscar Hansen*. Macmillan.

Adventures in Habit-Craft. By *Henry Park Schaumer*. Macmillan. $2.

Origins of Education Among Primitive People. By *W. D. Hambly*. Macmillan. $7.50.

Plot and Idea Psychology. By *Benjamin Christopher Leeming*. Schroeder. $2.50.

Fiction

THE DELICATESSEN HUSBAND. By Florence Guy Seabury. Illustrated by Clarence Day, Jr. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.50.

A thin, tired young chap with a long list of groceries, sprawled in a feminine hand, crowding against the counter of a delicatessen while his self-supporting wife struggles home from her gainful occupation—such is the pathetic hero of many of Mrs. Seabury's whimsical essays about the modern woman. Several of these essays have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *McCall's Magazine*, and *The New Republic*. Collected in one volume they form an amusing and penetrating commentary upon certain phases of modern urban life. Clarence Day's very clever humorous sketches give added zest to the volume. Usually satisfied to be merely whimsically amusing, at least once in each essay Mrs. Seabury states succinctly and seriously the *raison d'être* of the episode she describes.

In all there are twenty-three of these essays upon the emancipated woman and the submerged man, and in them Mrs. Seabury succeeds pretty well in touching upon most of the major disturbances in this unsettling metropolis.

A CHILD IS BORN. By Raymonde Machard. Translated by Madelaine Boyd. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1926. $2.

"Tu Enfanteras," the book which won a *grand prix* from the French Academy, has now been translated into English by Madelaine Boyd under the none too literal title, "A Child Is Born." The French Academy prizes are awarded very largely on the basis of style, and this necessarily suffers a grave sea-change in translation. As for the matter of the book, it is an intimate journal of a pregnant woman which at its best, which is far from being the major part, is reminiscent of Marie Bashkirtseff, and at its worst, which covers a fair portion, reminds one unpleasantly of our own *succès de scandale*, "I, Mary MacLane." In explaining her motive for the work—is an era approaching when authors will be required to produce an *apologia pro sua scripta* with each volume?—Madame Machard has said that she searched in vain through the libraries for some book on this subject and found nothing. "Since the first child was born, not one mother has ever consented to uncover the mystery. I was greatly astonished. Was it incapability? However little they could have shown to future mothers, it would have helped them to face this unknown with less fear. . . . Was it some curious modesty? I could not imagine it." The book, which does reveal the psychic and spiritual life of one woman after her "annunciation" is said to have found a large audience in France, and is likely to do the same in America.

THE ROSE-LIT STREET. By Rosamund Nugent. Appleton. 1926. $2.

This is an old-fashioned romance, laid in England and on the Continent. For its

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appeal it depends largely upon sentiment. The principal character is a young Englishman, brought up in Paris, who has descended to writing rapturous reports of the Paris fashions for English and American audiences, which he signs "Corinne-Marie" or "Madeleine." He is, of course, of excellent family, and, equally inevitably, encounters a wealthy relative at Deauville, who invites him to enjoy the hospitality of his ancestral halls. Relinquishing the world of personalized and syndicated styles, he prepares to recuperate and write a serious and worthy work amid the joys of English country-life. Unfortunately, he falls in love with the niece of the old caretaker on his uncle's estate, and leads a far from peaceful existence. By one of those delightfully convenient coincidences, however, the young lady turns out to be not merely the caretaker's niece, but also, and far more importantly, the well known musical comedy-star, Miss Rachel Tristram, who was spending a quiet holiday with her obscure relatives, and who, just to be a tease, did not at first reveal her astonishing identity to the young man she loves. There are a great many complications before the pair are established in safe matrimony and a Prince's Gate flat. Modern labels and conversation give the old, old story a curious air of masquerade. Miss Nugent can write well when her flood of sweet feelings subsides sufficiently to permit it.

LIGHT FINGERS. By FRANK LORD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.

There is an uncanny reality in the pages of this poignant story which gives one the impression of reading a book whose fictional people actually existed. Mr. Lord, having been a New York Assistant District Attorney (we think he served in the exciting days of the Whitman régime), knows the metropolitan underworld of the recent past as few writing men have. His principals are "Fingers" Anne Torello, an incorrigible shoplifter, and her luckless son, Sammy, the latter born in a prison cell of an unknown father. At nine Sammy, the narrator, is taken from his erring mother to be adopted by honest strangers, while Anne is sentenced to a long "stretch" in Auburn. It is evident from the first that against such a heritage, in spite of his constant endeavor to go "straight," Sammy has slight chance. Life downs him repeatedly and unfairly, but in the end a modest reward and a reasonable hope of future well-being are vouchsafed him.

THE CHEYNE MYSTERY. (An Inspector French Story.) By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.

The pride of Scotland Yard here acquits himself in brilliant style, but is not called into the case until the tale is two-thirds done. Prior to his entrance, the action consists of an ill-matched struggle between a determined young man and a band of rogues who have wrested from him a mysterious cipher tracing. After several attempts have been made upon his life, the persecuted youth appeals to Inspector French for aid, and thereafter, of course, the gang's days at liberty are numbered. What the symbols of the cipher disclose, when at last they are correctly solved, may not be divulged without impairing the interest of an uncommonly good detective story.

THE GLORY OF EGYPT. By LOUIS MORESBY. Doran. 1926. $2.

The author of this novel projects the supernatural against a conventional background, and an exotic aura of the mysticism of ancient Tibet fails to compensate for the outworn trappings of a commonplace mystery story. Its characterizations are puerile, descriptive passages appear sketchily drawn, the plot is insignificant, and the reader is constantly exasperated by the repeated postponement of the dénouement. The volume everywhere gives evidence of having been imperfectly conceived, hurriedly written, and cleverly disguised.

THREE WOMEN. By FAITH BALDWIN. Dodd Mead. 1926. $2.

The three women in this case lived in Washington Square and had a most unhappy time of it for many years. The eldest, Louisa Sheldon, was one of those disagreeable dowagers, fated by an author to bring tragedy into her family by her sheer desire to dominate. Having spoiled her son's marriage, and, in the best scene of the book, denied his wife entrance to his death chamber, she turns to his child. This addition to the legion of righteously scandalous young heroines defeats the old lady, however, with surprisingly little trouble. She induces her mother to leave the Sheldon mansion and the terrible mother-in-law, who is carried off by a convenient stroke immediately after. Unfortunately all the property goes to the grand-daughter anyway, and the triumph of her revolt must have been a little dampened by the feeling that in spite of everything she would have to return and live in that awful house.

The opportunities of this narrative, which also includes two elaborate love affairs, are considerable, and Miss Baldwin has taken most of them more than competently. Less of a definite atmosphere, perhaps, and less temporal detail than is desirable have been added to the story. As a result, the three women seem exceptional characters, personified traits, rather than representative creations of differing environments. Instead of a conflict between old and new, which the author apparently intended, a study of monumental selfishness has resulted. There are moments, indeed, when the grandmother becomes merely an incredible caricature, which ceases to dominate the reader. Lapses into a bastard impressionalistic journalese detract occasionally from the effect of the author's customarily clear and enjoyable writing.

THE MISSING ISLAND. By OSWALD KENDALL. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

The majority of sea tales, ancient and modern, have treasure hunting for their motive, and Mr. Kendall's story is not among the exceptions. In this instance it is the salvage of an enormous lumber raft, stranded upon the coast of an uncharted island of the southeastern Pacific, that supplies a variation of the theme. Captain Hawks, master and owner of a large auxilary yacht, leads a carefully picked crew in quest of the raft's recovery. His ship is wrecked and sunk by fire off the island, all hands reaching the shore safely, soon to discover that a rival salvage expedition has arrived, but not departed, before their coming. The action of the yarn here belatedly tightens up and unfolds swiftly, though up to that point it is directed at a pace far too slow and indecisive. Several of the characters also appeared in Mr. Kendall's "The Romance of the Martin Conner," an infinitely better story.

CUSTODY CHILDREN. By EVERETT YOUNG. Holt. 1926. $2.50.

"Custody Children" is not an important contribution to American literature, but it is a significant piece of documentary evidence upon one aspect of modern life, and it is an interesting and fluent narrative. Mr. Young has set out to expose the problems and dangers inherent in promiscuous divorce—in divorce resorted to by the so-called fashionable because the participants are morally flabby and have not the courage to face the inevitable difficulties of married life, and who prefer, instead, to embark upon a new matrimonial adventure, sure that no such problems will arise again.

The narrative floats vaguely from New York to Newport to Paris in the wake of the restless and selfishly vicious people who are described. The central problem with which the author is concerned is not what happens to these useless arbiters of fashion, who fritter away their lives seeking escape from all unpleasantness, especially from the unpleasant necessity of developing a certain amount of moral stamina, but what is to become of the virtually orphaned children of such parents. He also inquires deeply into the causes of that moral flabbiness which is the one common characteristic of these restless manikins.

The story pictures the slow disintegration of a splendid girl, born to wealth and position, and endowed with all manner of good instincts. When she is still young, her mother starts to collect husbands, and to live in hotels all over the world, while Clodi is left to the care of a procession of governesses, each of whom starts in upon the assumption that her predecessor had had all the wrong methods. The girl grows up almost illiterate and altogether undisciplined. Slowly her generous and impulsive love for her parents, for her stepfathers, and for her few friends is stifled, and she, like them, becomes hard, shallow, and selfish. In the end, disillusioned, but without the courage to reform, Clodi gives to her puritan first husband complete control of her only child that he, at least, may avoid her fate.

It is a powerful novel in its way—powerful because the author has a real grasp upon his subject, and because he refuses to let any consideration keep him from accomplishing what he set out to do. The book falls down lamentably from time to time, but it always picks itself up and pushes on relentlessly. The characterization is most uneven—it is as though we saw the people through a telescope that was constantly getting out of focus. Occasionally they become so blurred as to be indistinguishable, but then, a moment later, they are sharply defined and real.

(*Continued on next page*)

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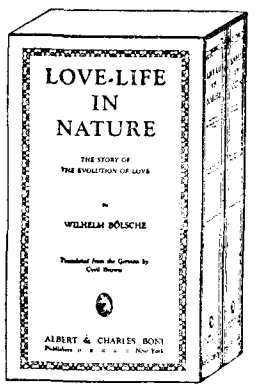

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Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE ALLBRIGHTS. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

When Archibald Marshall's novels first began to appear, a number of critical reputations were staked upon the prophecy that the mantle of Trollope—if the postal inspector wore a mantle—had fallen upon his shoulders. Unfortunately, Mr. Marshall's recent books have done nothing to add to the reputation of these prophets. He bids fair to publish as many tales as Trollope himself, but there the likeness ceases.

In "The Allbrights," as in so many of his other novels, he writes pleasantly and for the most part easily—much too easily at times—of charming and comfortable members of the English gentry, but he has exactly nothing to say about them. The advent of an elderly aunt from America, potentially wealthy and meddlesome, and the possibility that the son of the house may or may not marry an actress, these precipitate whatever action there is. Aunt Abigail and Dolly, the actress, achieve a certain amount of individuality—some of it unconvincing—but the other characters are made of puff-paste rolled exceedingly thin, and the author gives us scant reason for being concerned about the affairs of any of them.

"The Allbrights," however, will furnish innocuous, leisurely, undisturbing entertainment to convalescents, sufferers from insomnia, and young persons whose parents forbid them stronger fare. It is thoroughly "nice" and very "readable," with here and there touches of shrewd observation and gentle, unforced humor. But compared with the sort of thing we had reason at one time to hope Mr. Marshall might offer us, it is as disappointing as a synthetic beverage—and as obviously manufactured.

SHOT TOWERS. By JOHN T. MCINTYRE. Stokes. 1926. $2.50.

With detail and abundant sincerity Mr. McIntyre has written an old-fashioned novel of the pre-machine age. Though it is laid in America, the scheming, successful, commercial America before the twentieth century, there is little definitely "Yankee" in it. A few externals, mentions of Harrigan and Hart and other theatrical figures, are the sole links with the violent and striving national existence. The feeling of a comfortable land, filled with good things and good natured people in the abstract, is painstakingly conveyed instead. Centering about the livery stable and the butcher's shop rather than the farm, it has nevertheless a rural atmosphere. Mr. McIntyre has created characters in profusion against this background, and woven them loosely together about the figure of a widow engaged in a mysterious quest. Not infrequently the minor people are given humors and peculiarities on the Dickensian scale, and their conversations reported in full regardless of their relationship to the plot. The intricacy and length of the narrative tends to lessen its effectivenss, turning sympathy at the end away from the story of Mrs. The conception of the whole has obviously been on the grand Victorian plan, and much of the writing is not unworthy of its scope. A large and spacious attempt, resulting in considerable tediousness and some excellent things, "Shot Towers" is reminiscent of those elaborate colored calendars in vogue not so many years ago; they presented harvest or tavern scenes, filled with vegeables and animals of formidable size and with meat and drink in enormous quantities. Everyone was thoroughly healthy and robust and good humored in the English manner, but there was no life in them. A well executed literary set-piece, Mr. McIntyre's novel may please devotees of the good old days, but it has too little narrative energy and too little subtlety to impress anyone reading without an anti-modernity complex.

THE BENSON MURDER CASE. By S. S. VAN DINE. Scribners. 1926. $2.

Mr. Van Dine has already made his Philo Vance memorable in detective fiction. And that he quotes from the admirable Melville Davisson Post on his title page is a good omen. This detective story, whose plot we shall not divulge, is written with more distinction than the average run and can be recommended to those who like such tales with a New York setting.

THE DEAD RIDE HARD. By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

Mr. Vance, an indefatigable writer of graphic second-rate novels, since the days of his B titles, "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," etc., starts "The Dead Ride Hard," with a burst of energetic melodrama that promises a rattling and quite unbelievable yarn to follow. The promise is lived up to. The days of the Red Tenor in Buda Pesth are scene for the story and a beautiful woman the centre of it. The whole highly exciting romance goes forward with gusto. Here is good light reading for a railway journey and a book to give to the porter at the end thereof. It bears no actual relation to literature, but melodrama has its uses.

THE PAINTED ROOM. By MARGARET WILSON. Harpers. 1926. $2.

Only a trace of the power that flowed through "The Able McLaughlins" and showed itself intermittently in "The Kenworthys" can be found in Margaret Wilson's latest novel. A sequel to "The Kenworthys," "The Painted Room" takes up the fortunes of Emily, Bob, and Martha Kenworthy where, in the earlier narrative, they were dropped. The idea of the sequel has proved a trap to catch Miss Wilson; it leads her into awkward and involved recapitulation to no visible profit. In this novel we long for Jim and Bronson Kenworthy, for they were real people, not two-dimensional, bookish creations. But we long in vain, and all we find is one more tract holding up to horror-stricken inspection the well-worn younger generation. Martha Kenworthy is a water-brained flapper, with about as much individuality as a Ford; her adolescent missteps and apprehensions are lacking in credibility, although at one point they have the force of evangelical hysteria. At times it seems almost as if Miss Wilson were writing a supplement to the dog-eared book of facts, "What a Young Girl Should Know." The rest of the characters are no better, and sometimes worse, than Martha. They are never alive, and their great number is but one contributing factor to the formlessness of the book as a whole.

POWDERED ASHES. By THEODATE GEOFFREY. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Theodate Geoffrey's intimate knowledge of Japanese life was proved by her very popular story, "An Immigrant in Japan." She now makes new use of that knowledge in providing a background for a touch and go mystery story in which murder, abduction, international political intrigue, firing squads, aeroplanes, and similar details keep an interested reader quickly turning the pages. As such stories go, "Powdered Ashes" deserves preferential rating.

DEAD MEN'S TALES. By BENNET COPPLESTONE. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.50.

This is a series of thirteen sketches founded upon some historical incident in the lives of such famous adventurers as Captain Kidd, Alexander Selkirk, Drake, Hawkins, Paul Jones, Captain Cook, and Magellan. They are apparently the result of skilful historical investigation. Mr. Copplestone makes use of slightly-known notes, diaries, legal documents, etc., and throws a new, if not altogether illuminating light, upon these glamorous and half fictitious characters of the past.

HERE COME SWORDS! By COUTTS BRISBANE. New York: Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

Here is a well contrived and pleasant story which, within its obvious limitations, admirably fullfils itself. The author tells a tale of love and adventure in a somewhat vague mediæval Italy. Those were (for fictional purposes) glorious days when men were supermen and ladies paragons. So for hero we have the intrepid young duke who has been ousted from his rightful realm of Nona, and is now fighting his way back with a sword in his hand and a parcel of clever tricks in his head. For heroine there is a lovely lady in a walled garden who has refused to recognize the evil sway of the usurper. Having upheld the cause of the young duke against bitter odds she is appropriately rewarded in the end with his hand.

But before this happy and inevitable ending is accomplished there are enough sword fights and close squeaks to hold the reader. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the romance is the lack of triangular formation in either of the two love stories (besides the amorous and exiled duke is a young painter, a gallant and engaging enough young fellow). For such a story of difficulties bravely overcome and love at last crowned with success, the obstacles should be mountainous, and the ladies won only after prodigious opposition either on their part or on the part of fate. Neither duke nor painter have rivals nor adverse ladies and the result is a certain saltlessness in the

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DRAGON'S BLOOD. By *Romer Wilson.* Knopf. $2.50.

STRAIGHT SAPLING. By *Rachel Swete MacNamara.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

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RENEWED FROM WITHOUT. By *Charles Edmund DeLand.* Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Torch Press. $2.

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MONSIEUR. By *George Challis.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

DOCTOR THORNE. By *Anthony Trollope.* Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE DOG. Edited by his *Missus, Florence Ayscough,* Illustrated by Lucille Douglass. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

SEA WHISPERS. By *W. W. Jacobs.* Scribners. $2.

SCOTT BURTON'S CLAIM. By *Edward G. Cheyney.* Appleton. $1.75.

THE ISLAND MAIL. By *Clarice N. Detzer.* Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.

OUT OF THE CLAY. By *Harriet T. Comstock.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By *Oliver Goldsmith.* Houghton Mifflin. $12.50.

TO MEET MR. STANLEY. By *Dorothy Johnson.* Longmans. $2.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE. By *Thomas Hardy.* Modern Library.

Juvenile

MEDDLESOME MATTY. By JANE and ANNE TAYLOR. Viking. 1926. $1.75.

This slim volume, with its gay color illustrations and its naïvely didactic poems, should prove as charming to children as it is engaging to their elders. Its authors, who reached womanhood at the opening of the eighteenth century, wrote with frankly moralistic intention, but managed to do so with the same unoffending simpliicty that renders Miss Edgeworth's "Moral Tales," and "Parent's Assistant," pleasing despite their invariable inculcation of virtue. Their verses are simple and frequently lagging, but the boys and girls pictured in them are sufficiently lifelike in their pranks and their naughtinesses to lend them appeal to the children who may read of them. The book is winsome in spirit, and charming in physical makeup.

NUMBER FOUR JOY STREET. Appleton. 1926. $2.50.

Those many children who have rejoiced in the three volumes that preceded it, will extend a ready welcome to "Number Four Joy Street." In it they will find again contributions by Walter de la Mare, Laurence Housman, Lord Dunsany and others of the writers who have lent distinction to the series. They will find, too, a lavish supply of line drawings and colors plates, and verse as well as prose. This is one of the volumes to remember for Christmas giving.

THE SHADOW-CUT-OUT BOOK. By G. F. SCOTSON CLARK. Stokes. 1926. $1.

There is likely to be much mirth among younger folk when the original (and portentous) silhouettes of Charlie Chaplin, Babe Ruth, Rudolph Valentino, and other stars are released from these pages and thrown on the wall with the aid of a flashlight. Mothers and teachers look and look vainly very often for some new form of amusement; and large brothers will be proud and happy to act as showmen. There is no young man living who does not like shadow pictures when he can have the joy of exhibiting them.

TORO OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE. By LEO WALMSLEY. Doran. 1926. $2.

The African pigmy comes to life and breathes with cadenced respiration in this compelling little drama of the Congo. Kipling has by no means said the last word about the jungle nor is its voice destined forever to remain silent. The deep, vibrant pulse of Africa can be sensed on every page, and Toro joins hands with Mowgli in a conspiracy to defy time and space. Mr. Walmsley has almost a virgin field at his disposal and the book stands as a distinct adjunct to literature as well as to sociology.

The character of Toro dominates the story in spite of the wealth of descriptive material which the author uses to great advantage. Notwithstanding his diminutive stature, he is a born fighter and his exploits and strange adventures take on deeper significance as the author progresses. Human sympathies are as keenly aroused as if the protagonists were our own contemporaries and the jungle monsters but obstacles to contend with daily. Mr. Walmsley has achieved little short of a triumph in the happy marriage of his prose style and subject matter.

IN THE BEGINNING. A First History for Little Children. By EVA ERLEIGH. Doubleday, Page. 1926.

A publisher's note tells us that this book came to be written because a modern mother could not find for her six year old son a simple, yet informative, story of how history and the world we know began. Mrs. Erleigh has therefore started in at the beginning of things, with the pre-historic creatures roaming the earth, and has progressed from them to the development of Man from the time he lived in a tree and did not know how to make a fire, through the splendor of the Roman Empire. It has all been written simply and clearly, with that definiteness of detail which children crave, and for a condensed account for very young readers we think the author has been fairly successful. But somehow the book isn't as vivid or full of poetry as we should have liked it to be. Perhaps it shouldn't be compared with the Van Loon "Story of Mankind," but one does so inevitably and to this book's disadvantage. The Van Loon book was for older children, of course, but couldn't some of the beauty and vigor and fascination of the past be set down in simpler words for the very young? We believe it could. And we believe that this book *almost* does it. Still, almost is a long way from complete success. We think that a little less conventional, academic illustrations would have helped, too.

UNDER THE ROWAN TREE. By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75.

Stories of fairies, of friendly animals, of children of different lands, and each with the exception of two or three fillers like "The Bear's Party" beautifully done, constitute this volume. It is a cycle to be proud of and one that will while away many long hours. The initial story, "Fritz-and-Franz," "The Angel and the Gargoyle," "The Bells of Malket" and the "Yankee Balloon" are its brightest stars. For children up to twelve.

SHEN OF THE SEA. By *Arthur Bowie Chrisman.* Illustrated by *Else Hasselriis.* Dutton. $2.

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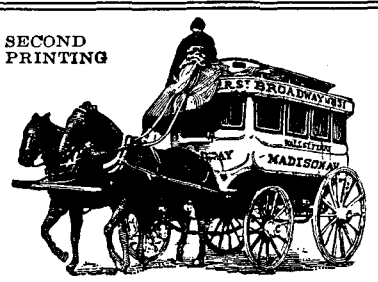

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BIG LETTER A-B-C BOOK. Drawings by *Frederick Richardson*. Springfield: McLoughlin.

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Miscellaneous

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT, 1876-1926. Appleton. 1926. $2.50.

The first Society for Ethical Culture was established on May 15, 1876, in New York City, by Felix Adler, then a young professor of religious history and literature at Cornell; and it has since been followed by five others, all vigorously alive. This volume is not a formal history. It is a collection of sketches and essays, of which the most important is Dr. Adler's paper on "Some Characteristics of the American Ethical Movement." The impulse from which the Ethical Culture Societies sprang, as Dr. Adler says, is the feeling that human life needs to be consecrated, and that this consecration cannot be derived from outworn doctrines and dogmas. Various ethical culture leaders—Percival Chubb, William M. Salter, S. Burns Weston, John L. Elliott, Walter Sheldon, David Muzzey, and others—contribute brief sketches of their work in connection with the movement. In conclusion Mr. Harry Snell proclaims that the movement is "the herald of the religion of the future," and there is a chronological outline of the record of the various societies.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL. Its History and Development. By A. M. WEYAND. Appleton. 1926. $3.

After a brief history of the development of American college football, the author of this book, captain of the West Point eleven in 1915, proceeds chronologically to set forth the results of games played by major and minor teams throughout the country, covering a period lying between 1869 and 1925. His volume is merely a compilation of facts, drily and concisely set forth; beyond this it is nothing. The person who for one reason or another is interested in football and has occasion from time to time to search back through the years for records will be grateful to Mr. Weyand for industrious and wearying enterprise. But other than as a book of reference there would seem to be little or nothing in it of appeal to the general reader. A few errors, as for instance the mispelling of the name of Kutsch of Iowa and the presentation of a photograph of Judge Walter Steffen as that of Walter Eckersall may be noted.

SCIENTIFIC BIDDING. By *Ellis O. Jones*. Columbus, Ohio: Oliver Publishing Co. $2.

MAN AND BEAST. By *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* Illustrated by *Charles Livingston Bull*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

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A BOOK OF OLD MAPS. Compiled and edited by *Emerson D. Fite* and *Archibald Freeman*. Harvard University Press.

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THE FREE-LANCE WRITER'S HANDBOOK. Edited by *William Dorsey Kennedy*, assisted by *Margaret Gordon*. Cambridge: Writer Publishing Co.

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LAUGHS. By *Thomas L. Masson*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

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THE CHARACTER OF GAWAIN. By *B. K. Ray*. Oxford University Press. 20 cents.

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J. D. L., Reno, Nevada, wants to possess several books "in which the author shows me why and how to put my treasure, not into bonds, but into a home with a little land, perhaps ten acres, where as the years go by less and less labor will bring me and mine a living and a trifle more, and satisfaction. Perhaps the heart of my idea is that as one grows older the products of the land need less of labor for about an equal return of food and clothing. Or: how shall we fit modest and satisfactory farm life or suburban life into the declining strength of old age without much hiring of labor?"

AS cook-books are less romantic to brides in kitchens than to grey-haired ladies in hall-bedrooms, so it is the definitely middle-aged rather than the sturdy young who get the real thrill out of farm-catalogues. The belief of every intellectual in the forties that some day he will buy a little farm and live on it is not like the ambition to own a lodge in some vast wilderness one hour by train from Times Square. He thinks of the farm as a place to which to retire and raise things. At that time of life one may be high above sea-level, walking briskly in sunlight, but the ground under one's feet has ever so slight a slope, the first reminder that, as Sara Teasdale says, "there is nowhere to go but down:" the thought comes, if one is to grow old, let it be with young things growing. Hamish Maclaren has the idea in his poem in a recent *Spectator*, "If I had an acre of land"—

O I would keep pigs and some hens
And grow apples and peas;
All things that would multiply, flowers
For my hive of striped bees—
If I had an acre of land
Life should spring from my hand!

But the single-handed or even short-handed farm is the only business enterprise that cannot be perfected to the point where it runs itself. This is one reason why the small farmer takes so few vacations. You cannot put the cow in a basket and drop her at the Bide-a-Wee over Sunday, and as for hens, they are like Drummond's "Li'l Ba'tiste"—"soon as they swaller they start again." Even a little farm has an irreducible minimum of daily physical effort, and physical energy does slacken with the years, however high the spirit. It is a real problem that J. D. L., a university man, has placed before us.

In my part of New England the fifty-year-old farmer solves it by turning over the farm to his son—who has until this worked mainly for board, clothes, and schooling—and retiring to some other part of the country as the professional farmer in charge of some great estate. This has of course no bearing on the present case, and I toss it off only to give notice that no mere bookworm is about to recommend certain books. I have gathered them with the advice and assistance of the University of New Hampshire, the University of North Carolina, and the Chief Bibliographer of the Library of Congress, who quite overcomes me by beginning his letter, "It is something like carrying coals to Newcastle to furnish titles to the conductor of the Reader's Guide." In addition to their agricultural departments both these universities conduct extension services, and their advice is adapted to widely varying conditions and climates. We may as well get the worst over at once; Mr. E. C. Branson, of North Carolina, author of "Farm Life Abroad" (University of N. C. Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.), and a recognized authority on this subject, on being asked for "guidance in intensive farming that gradually takes care of itself with minimum labor on his part and minimum necessity for hired labor as the years go on," says: "There is no country on earth in which such a proposition would not involve contradictions with the possible exception of Denmark, where the business end of farming is cared for by the farm coöperatives and human labor is minimized to the utmost by the abundant use of small labor-saving machines and the community use of more expensive machines. Small scale farming under any other conditions means maximum labor and is no job for a contemplative student anywhere in America. The small dairy farmer in New York or the small poultry farmer at Petaluna, California, relies on maximum capital and maximum help from his coöperatives. The same necessity arises in all other types of small scale farming unless the farmer is satisfied to lower his standard of living." Surely these are golden words. Besides Mr. Branson's book, made up of studies in Germany, Denmark and France, here are some that work at this problem seriously:—Lavergne's "Economie Rurale de la France" (Guillaumin, 14 rue Richelieu, Paris), Bolton Hall's "Three Acres and Liberty" (Grosset), and "A Little Land and a Living" (Arcadia Press). Babbett and Wimberly's "Essays on Agriculture" (Doubleday, Page), Frederick C. Howe's "Denmark, a Coöperative Community" (Harcourt, Brace).

Bolton Hall's famous "Three Acres" was published in 1907, the other one in the next year, when the "back to the land" movement was causing a considerable book-production. W. A. Slade, of Washington, tells me of two very popular ones before that, Edmund Morris's "Ten Acres Enough," first published in 1864, two separate editions issued in 1905, and Robert Roosevelt's "Five Acres Too Much," 1885, but he thinks these would only whet the appetite and leave the question unanswered as to what can be done in 1926. Kate V. St. Maur's "Making Home Profitable" came out in 1912, and Frederick F. Rockwell's "The Key to the Land" in 1915. But Mr. Slade reminds me that in time for spring plowing last year appeared "Kelsey's Rural Guide: a practical handbook for the farmer, granger, suburbanite and all town folk who enjoy outdoor life and hope for a rural home," an Atlantic Monthly Press publication (Little, Brown), that might have been written for this inquirer, and has a ten-page bibliography at the end of the book. This, I may say on my own account, is an inexpensive book that will clear the ground for anyone interested in this subject; it covers sixty topics involved in rural life.

Willard Lewis, of New Hampshire, consulting these rural life experts, advises a combination of poultry and fruit-raising on a ten-acre farm. For this, "Poultry Production," by W. A. Lippincott (Lea & Fobiger), "Productive Orcharding," by F. S. Sears (Lippincott), and "Productive Small Fruit Culture," by P. C. Sears (Lippincott), are used as text-books in their agricultural reading courses, supplemented by "Productive Poultry Husbandry," H. R. Lewis (Lippincott), "Diseases of Poultry," Pearl, Eurface, and Curtis (Macmillan), "Handbook on Poultry," A. W. Richardson (Harper), and "Poultry Diseases," B. F. Knapp (Eger), and "Bush Fruits," F. W. Card (Macmillan), "Strawberry Growing," S. W. Fletcher (Macmillan), U. P. Hedrick's "Manual of Fruit Growing," L. H. Bailey's "Principles of Fruit Growing" (Macmillan), and "Modern Fruit Marketing," by B. S. Brown (Orange Judd). "The Farmer and His Farm," by App and Woodward (Harcourt, Bracey, is one of the best general books on farm life, and the problems of living in the country are being considered in an excellent series of "Rural Life" books being published by the Century Company, one that I have constantly had occasion to recommend being Mary M. Askeson's "Woman on the Farm." I may not go further with "farm libraries," even the work of experts, published by old-established firms, for they take this list too far afield. Doubling back to books for the enlightenment of the prospective farmer, Wheeler McMillen's "The Farming Fever" (Appleton) is recent and very practical, but apt to be somewhat discouraging. I tried Freeman Tilden's "Second Wind" (Viking) on a New England farmer, old but spry, and he said it was sound stuff; since then Mr. Tilden has written "The Plain Truth About Going Back to the Land" (Viking). And though William Carleton's "New Lives for Old" (Small, Maynard, 1913) is out of print, if you come upon a copy it makes good collateral reading.

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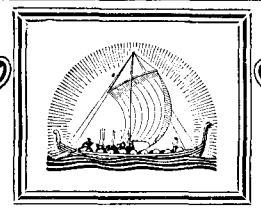

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WITHIN two months there has been more favorable literary comment on this book than on any other first novel for many years past. Chosen as the outstanding current novel by the Selecting Committee of The Book-of-the-Month Club in its October choice, praised by Sherwood Anderson, Carl Van Doren, Edward Garnett, Henry Seidel Canby, and hundreds of others as a "work of art" and a "work of genius," *The Time of Man* has become a best-seller. 47th Thousand. $2.50

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SAMUEL PUTNAM'S translation of the works of *Aretino* is published by Pascal Covici of Chicago for subscribers only. "To have included all the works of Aretino in two volumes," avers Mr. Putnam, "would have been, of course, out of the question. There are five full-length plays and some 3,000 letters known to be from Aretino's pen. . . . What this edition does include is, in addition to *De Sanctis's* essay, complete, and my own extended biographical and critical introduction, those 'Dialogues' which are contained in the popular Italian edition, the 'Sonetti lussuriosi,' complete, Aretino's play, 'La Cortigiana,' complete, and the letters contained in the popular Italian edition. . . . The edition of the 'Sonnets' commonly booklegged, and purporting to be from the pen of *Oscar Wilde*, is spurious, and inaccurate." Aretino, one of the most extraordinary scamps in all history, always especially fascinated us in our Renaissance reading. . . .

We love murders, as perhaps you have realized by now. It was *Edmund Lester Pearson*, who also loves good murders, who originally called our attention to the fact that *William Bolitho's* "Murder for Profit" (Harper's) might be worthy of attention. You may have read his measured review of it in a recent issue of this eminent journal. Since then we have procured a copy for ourselves. Bolitho, it is almost needless to say, writes extremely well and stresses the sociological implications of the deeds of his criminals. We have read a number of accounts of Burke and Hare but Bolitho's description of Hare's personal appearance, for instance, is vivid portraiture fit to stand with *De Quincey* on Mr. Williams. Bolitho is now at Montfavet, Vaucluse, France, whence he writes his publishers, "I rear peacocks here, and white turkeys. In complete solitude, I visit the adjoining town only to get my hair cut." . . .

Glenway Wescott's "The Apple of the Eye," a fine American novel of several years ago, is now being reprinted by Harper and Brothers who have completed an arrangement with the author to publish all his future work. Wescott is one of our genuinely promising younger novelists. . . .

"The Collected Parodies of *Louis Untermeyer*" (Harcourt) is a volume that should reconcile one to the long winter evenings that are not now so very far away. Louis has been lately residing in London's Mayfair and hobnobbing with the English poet, *Humbert Wolfe*. As one runs through this collection, combined from various former volumes, one is again amazed at Untermeyer's intimate familiarity with the style of almost every modern poet of any importance, and of many of antiquity. Occasionally he misses. His parodies of *Swinburne*, for instance, and of such a follower of Swinburne's more obvious characteristics as *Alfred Noyes*, are comparatively poor. Swinburne has been "done" much better. But in the persons of *Vachel Lindsay* or *Carl Sandburg* or *Amy Lowell* the poet-parodist is near perfection. This is a book much fuller, however, than these random remarks might suggest, a book that, companioned by Mr. Untermeyer's serious collections and analyses of poetry, tells one about all there is worth knowing concerning contemporary work in the art. Naturally there are some omissions, the field is a large one, but it is astonishing how much ground is here covered in one volume. . . .

Have we yet mentioned *Ramon Guthrie's* first novel, "Marcabrun"? It is a highly original historico-biographical book. Guthrie is an unusual person, who has translated much ancient French poetry. He was a leader of one of our pursuit bombing squadrons during the war (the other one, curiously enough, being led by *Sidney Howard*). Guthrie took his Ph.D. after the war in French history and literature at the Sorbonne. . . .

Stephen Vincent Benét, author of "Spanish Bayonet" and other novels, and of "Tiger Joy" and other books of poems, is now the proud father of a son, Thomas Carr Benét, born in Paris where Stephen and his wife and small daughter took up their residence in August, near the Parc Monceau. . . .

We don't suppose we need specially recommend to you *A. A. Milne's* "Winnie-The-Pooh" (Dutton). We haven't had a chance to more than run through it, but Milne and *E. H. Shepard* are a combination we never can resist, and when we came across the following lines we were completely won:

"Oh, Bear!" said Christopher Robin, "How I do love you!" "So do I," said Pooh.

The book is as fascinating to any grown person with some nonsense in their system as it must be to a good many children. . . .

How we should like to meet *Otto Fryberg*, painter, who lives at 42, Rue Prosper Matthys, Brussels, Belgium, and has committed himself to mimeographing the following communication:

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Yours truly,
OTTO FRYBERG,
Painter.

We are really sorry to let elope us the occasion. . . .

Richard Curle, the English biographer, arrived on October 20th in America. He is delivering a series of five lectures on the work and personality of *Conrad*. Curle was perhaps closer to Conrad than anyone else during the last years of his life and was with him until the hour of his passing. He wrote the first biography of Conrad and is also Conrad's literary executor. . . .

Do svidania,—as we say in Siberia!

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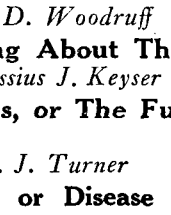

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CATALOGUE NO. 113 of "Association Books, Dedication Copies, and Manuscripts," a selection of rare and remarkable copies of literary and historical importance, mostly unique, issued by Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, is worthy of special mention. It is a 12mo, handsomely printed, with many illustrations, containing 108 pages, and comprising 283 lots. J. Christian Bey has written an introduction on "Association Books," and there are many items of importance in this coveted class of books. Among some of the most valuable lots are a copy of Dickens's "American Notes," 1842, first issue of the first edition, one of the first copies to come from the press, with a presentation inscription to his American host, Mayor of Boston; a complete set of Kate Greenaway Almanacs, 1883 to 1897, 14 vols., in original bindings, first editions, all presentation copies to Lady Victoria Herbert; original manuscript of four verses to "F. J. S." written by Robert Louis Stevenson, with transcript mounted in a sunken board panel, and bound in full brown morocco by Sangorski and Sutcliffe, a sympathetic poem of great beauty written to a friend; and John Heydon's "Rose Crucian Infallible Axiomata," London, 1660, with manuscript note by Dr. Samuel Johnson. But this catalogue should be seen to be appreciated. Collectors interested in association books should send for it.

UNKNOWN ITEM OF AMERICANA

E. P. GOLDSCHMIDT & CO., of London, have just issued their Catalogue No. ix, which contains 136 pages, has many interesting facsimiles and describes 367 lots, including specimens from very rare presses, incunabula, the Vespucius letter of 1506, an unknown anatomical broadside, a binding executed for Queen Elizabeth, and other rare and valuable books, among them a hitherto unknown piece of Americana. This is a commentary of John of Glogau, professor of philosophy and mathematics at Cracow University, on Sacrobusco's well known "Tractatus de Sphæra," and was printed in Cracow by Joh. Haller, 28 April, 1506. The portion relating to America is on Fol. 38, verso, of the volume of 72 leaves, and refers to the voyages of Vespucius in 1501 and 1504 to a "place which they called the New Yorld, which country has always been unknown hitherto."

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

THE fine collection of Rudyard Kipling formed by Paul Hyde Bonner, of this city, selections from the library of Eustace Conway, together with the library of Kingsland Spencer of Tarrytown, N. Y., will be sold at the American Art Galleries November 24. This sale comprising 975 lots contains a fine selection of modern books, mainly fine printing, and first editions. The authors represented by important collections are Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Max Beerbohm, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Conrad, Lafcadio Hearn, Maurice Hewlett, Rudyard Kipling, A. C. Swinburne, and Oscar Wilde. There are publications of the Grolier Club, the Kelmscott Press, and an extensive series of books designed by Bruce Rogers. The books are all in the choicest possible condition.

CAMBRIDGE CATALOGUE

A CATALOGUE of four new editions of the Bible, and other Cambridge University Press editions, may now be obtained from the publishers. The catalogue is a book of some fifty pages, containing a brief historical account of the Cambridge Bible printing during the last 300 years; hints on the choice of a Bible for a gift; a chronological list of Cambridge University printers from 1521 to the present day; photographic representations of important men and buildings and documents in the history of Cambridge printing; specimen pages of various editions of the Bible, with descriptions of bindings, and prices; and photographs in half-tone of the bindings described.

A WORTHWHILE DISCOVERY

A GOOD illustration of how the increasing value of rare books and autographs is resulting in new discoveries and drawing them into the market is furnished this week. Mrs. Arthur W. Swann, of this city, began collecting autographs in childhood. Her collection attracted the attention of her aunt who promised her, when old enough to properly appreciate it, to give her a collection of autographs gathered by her aunt's father. Five years ago Mrs. Swann received the gift, but she had almost ceased collecting then, and she packed the bundle of autographs away unopened. Last January, when the Manning collection was sold and a signature of Button Gwinnett brought $22,500, her curiosity was aroused and she opened up the bundle and found a document signed by Button Gwinnett, the rarest of all signers. The signature is on a third bond mentioned by Lyman Hall when, as executor of the Button Gwinnett estate, he entered the following in his account: "1777, to cash paid John Neufville amount bal. due & paid on three bonds in So. Carolina £12,-708.17.6 at 8 per cent in Georgia currency." One of the three bonds is in the collection of signers at the University of Pennsylvania, and the second, in the Dr. George C. F. Williams collection sold last May. This third signature is said by Mitchell Kennerley to be one of the very finest in existence. It will be sold in the Theodore Sedgwick collection at the Anderson Galleries next month.

G. A. Baker & Co., 247 Park Avenue, New York, announces the early publication of a volume by John James Audubon, entitled "Delineations of American Scenery and Character." It includes some sixty offhand sketches, taken from the author's monumental work, "The Birds of America," dealing with pioneer life, particularly in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Professor F. H. Herrick, Audubon's biographer, has written an introduction to the volume, telling how the sketches came to be written and giving a brief account of Audubon's career.

NOTE AND COMMENT

SOMETIME this month Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., will bring out "Some Letters and Writings of Lafcadio Hearn," edited by Professor Sanki Ichikawa of the University of Tokio. The book is printed and bound in Japan, and only 2,000 copies will be available for America. None of the material in this volume has been previously published in English.

⁂ ⁂

The Royal Economic Society of England is about to publish a page-for-page and line-for-line reproduction of Malthus's "First Essay on Population," with an introduction and explanatory notes by Dr. James Bonar. This first edition of the essay, which included many features omitted in later editions, is now very rare.

⁂ ⁂

The story is told of a borrower who brought back several books to the Philadelphia Public Library and announced that she was afraid that she had broken a record for she had kept one of the books eleven years. She was assured that she was a long way from breaking the record, for the library had just received a book from Holland that had been out 100 years.

⁂ ⁂

The John Day Company announces that it has become the authorized publisher for the Graphic Arts Society on Printing. Three of the committee's publications will appear next month: "Printing for Commerce," "The Fifty Best Prints of the Year," and "The Fifty Best Books of the Year," the word "best" having reference to typographical values, and not to the literary qualities of the book selected.

⁂ ⁂

A very important auction sale of autographs was held by Stan V. Henkels in Philadelphia October 26, when a collection embracing a wide range of material was sold at high prices. The most important item in the sale was the original draft of General Robert E. Lee's General Order No. 9, which he issued to his army after the surrender to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, April 10, 1865, which went to Dr. Rosenbach for $5,700.

⁂ ⁂

The Insel Verlag, of Leipzig, announce the publication of a facsimile of the "Manasse Manuscript," of which the original is in the Heidelberg Museum. The "Manuscript" itself is of the fourteenth century, and is the work of Rudiger Manasse, who collected and wrote down the songs of 140 German Minnesinger (1,500 strophes in all). The Insel Verlag have now finished the reproductions of the codex in all its exact form down to the minutest detail.

⁂ ⁂

Many sidelights on Smollett's life and work are promised in his letters, edited by Professor Edward S. Noyes, and published by the Harvard University Press. Professor Noyes has succeeded in tracing some seventy-four letters in all. He also restores a considerable amount of fresh material to some of the other letters already published.

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